GOOD TIMES WITH THE JUNIORS

LILIAN M. HEATH

Class GV1471
Book .H44
Copyright No. 1915

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

GOOD TIMES WITH THE JUNIORS

Good Times With The Juniors

By
LILIAN M. HEATH

United Society of Christian Endeavor
Boston and Chicago

GV1571
H44
1915

Copyright, 1904
Copyright, 1915

0.50

APR 27 1915

©CLA397747

No,

Preface

"Good times" may be either work or play. But work and play—who shall define them truly?

Our block houses, toy engines, and dolls once seemed intensely real and important to us. They are not so now. In the same way, as we grow into the still larger consciousness, into the "life more abundant," much that we now regard as of grave moment will take on a new aspect, and we shall see that it was only play. But play is blessed, and necessary to the very growth that discards it.

A dear enthusiast in certain lines of work, who is himself growing, I am sure, once publicly expressed the belief that too close (!) an adherence to the Christian Endeavor pledge results in a kind of "paperdolatry" tending toward idleness and pauperism. Dear, dear! Can this be true?

A look around the social and business world of to-day ought to settle the question. We take the look, and breathe more freely. Endeavorers here, Endeavorers there, in places of honor and responsibility—what could our good friend have been thinking about? We must be permitted to smile, and think that on consideration he will smile, too. In fact, the smile

cure is the best one for this and all other kinds of pessimism.

Yet we are serious, too. In God's great kindergarten, where we are all scholars, learning through our play-work how to live, who shall say which plays are most—or least—important?

One thing is certain. He who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," was speaking of those whose only conscious motive was *play*—natural, graceful, happy, loving life-expression. The growth resulting was involuntary. With the growth came new impulses, new activities, and new growth. It is the plan, in God's kindergarten. Brother, if we would *grow*, let us not be afraid of play!

To those whose loving ministry among the Juniors finds frequent occasion for new plans, this little companion volume to "Eighty Pleasant Evenings" is offered by one who has found both joy and growth in preparing it. The proportion of the articles original with the compiler is larger than in any of her previous collections; but ideas from other sources have been welcomed and utilized whenever they could be made to fit the Juniors' needs.

Credit for specially contributed articles is due to Mr. Vincent Van Marter Beede, Miss Imogen A. Storey, Miss Mattie Marie Gamble, Miss Ida M. Parmelee, and Miss Alice Chadwick. The aim has been to make each evening or afternoon as complete as possible in itself. The games described are therefore included in the socials and parties, but in addi-

tion to the general table of contents a separate index of games alone is given, thus helping those who may frequently wish to try new combinations.

With a smile and a prayer the writer sends forth this beloved piece of her own life-expression, knowing that it will reach just the right hands.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

LILIAN M. HEATH.

Contents

Advertising-Carnival 118
Barrel Brigade 91
Bells of Bonnydingle, The 155
Bird Social 101
Boys' Book Party, A 113
Card-Pasting 115
Cinderella Reception 139
Climbing the Bean-stalk 116
Evening with "Ads," An 42
Fairy Strawberry Festival, A 104
Flower-Show, A 41
For the First of April 75
Good Giant, The 23
Good-Luck Social, A 54
Handkerchief Gymnastics 97
Holly and Mistletoe Drill 146
House Book 67
Indian Festival, An 111
Jack Frost Reception 150
Jack-Knife and Scissors Party 62
"Jap" Social, A 44
Letter Social 78
Making Valentines 57

Mistress Mary's Contrary Reception . . . 152
Mysterious Basket-Ball 121
New Kind of Dinner Party, A 60
Orange Social 39
Pansy-Hunt, A 106
Parlor Athletic Meet, A 69
Parlor Golf Party 119
Parlor Mountain-Climb 93
Pastery Party, A 49
Pillow-Fight, A 52
"Polly Pitcher" Social 66
Puritan Thanksgiving Dinner, A . . . 126
Rainbow Social 96
Rainy Fourth, A 108
Reception at Curlycue Castle 63
Red-Line Jubilee 16
Rope Social, A 20
Santa Claus Drill 11
Sky-Parlor Reception, No. 1 47
Sky-Parlor Reception, No. 2 48
Star Social 141
Teddy and the Goblin 130
Tropical Fair, A 71
Tuffet and the Web, The 81
Washington's Birthday 72

Good Times With the Juniors.

Santa Claus Drill.

By Imogen A. Storey.

What would "good times" amount to in any well-regulated Junior society if they did not begin and end with the Christmas holidays? We begin, then, with a particularly jolly little drill for Christmas; and, as the girls so often have these matters all their own way, we will try for a change letting the boys be foremost this time. They will enjoy the fun of playing Santa. The Sunday-school primary class, too, must be drawn upon. —L. M. H.

An equal number of tiny boys and girls are to be used for the first part of the drill. They should be dressed in their nightclothes, and each little one should carry a pillow under his or her arm, and a stocking hung across the shoulder.

The stage must be decorated with holly, mistletoe, and other Christmas greens. A large fireplace should occupy the centre rear, shown in Diagram B. A decorated motto, "A Merry Christmas" may be placed above the mantel. The fireplace can easily be con-

structed of brick-colored fireproof paper, which can be purchased at any hardware store for a trifle, and with a piece of chalk from the blackboard the bricks can be imitated.

On each side, as shown in Diagram A, should stand a small Christmas tree trimmed up in the conventional way, with the exception of candles, which it is better to omit unless great precaution is used to prevent an accident. On each tree the lower limbs should be supplied with hooks corresponding with a buttonhole in each stocking, which will enable the little ones to hang their stockings quickly and securely on the trees.

The floor should be laid off for the first part as shown in Diagram A. A different color used in lay-

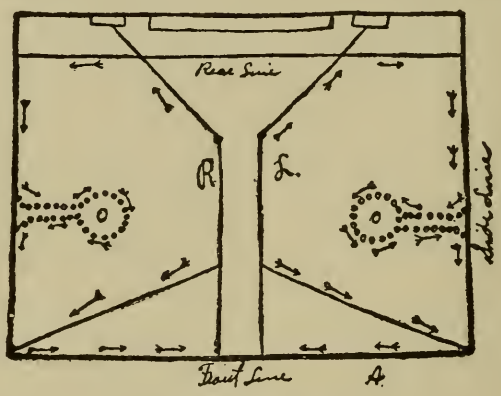


DIAGRAM A.

ing off the diagrams for the two parts will be found a great help, especially to the smaller children.

The children enter from the rear, girls from the right and boys from the left, or vice versa, carrying pillows under their outside arms and stockings across the same shoulder, and follow lines R and L in A. When they reach the dots shown on these lines, all ex-

tend their inside arms diagonally up at the side, and grasp the partner's hand.

When they reach the diagonal lines, they let go hands, and turn on these lines, as shown by arrows, turning again on the front line. When the leaders reach lines R and L, a signal from the piano is given to halt. In halting, each should keep a distance of fifteen inches from the one in front, the same as in marching. This distance should be kept throughout the drill. Another signal is now given to face front, all turning in the direction of the inside arm. They now recite with gestures:

"We are going to hang up our stockings" (holding stockings out toward the audience)

"On the Christmas tree" (turning the body just a little and pointing to the trees),

"And we know old Santa will fill them,

"For we've been good" (girls, pointing to themselves)

"And we've been good" (boys, pointing to themselves)

"As good as we could be" (all together).

"Then we are going up to bed" (pointing up),

"And go fa-a-a-st asle-e-e-p" (recited very slowly, dropping heads on the pillows).

"So, when old Santa comes" (heads raised),

"We won't be awake to peep" (peep through fingers). The music is now resumed, the leaders turn to the rear, and follow lines R and L, turning on the rear line, and again on the side lines shown in A.

From the side lines they turn on the dotted lines, which circle the trees. After circling the trees a few times, with the common skip step familiar to all children, a signal is given to halt. The stockings are now hung up, after which the signal is given to get back into line.

After circling the trees a few times more, they continue skipping, following the dotted lines to the side lines, then to the front line. When the leaders reach the front line, they turn on the diagonal lines, resuming the march very softly and slowly, marching on their toes. When the leaders reach lines R and L, all turn and throw a kiss to the audience, then

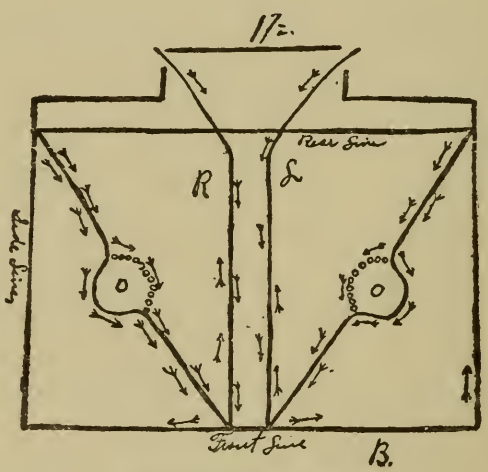


DIAGRAM B.

make their exit on the same lines as on entering, still on their toes.

The same number of larger children, all boys dressed like old Santa Claus, now enter the fireplace from each side, as shown in B, running in double time on their

toes. Each boy except the last in each line should wear a rein with sleigh-bells on its full length. All should be supplied with whips. On their backs old Santa's knapsack should be strapped, filled with all sorts of things for the stockings. To increase the merriment, some of the articles should be grotesque and funny.

They enter, each driving the one in front, following lines R and L, turning right and left on reaching the front line, as shown by the arrows in B, then turning again at the next corner as indicated by the arrows. On reaching the rear they come down the diagonal lines curving around the trees, shown by arrows, and then to the front line again. They then run to the rear on lines R and L, and come down the diagonal lines, circling the trees on the dotted and curved lines, making a complete circle. After circling the trees a signal is given to halt and drop reins.

They now proceed to fill the stockings, first unstrapping their knapsacks and laying them on the floor. Signal. While the stockings are being filled, the soft, slow music should not cease, but continue the same as when the little ones are hanging them up. Each Santa should stick his whip in the top of a stocking.

A signal is now given, and the Santas all fall into line, and the running is resumed. They circle the trees, and follow the diagonal lines to the front line, then turn on lines R and L, and make their exit the same as on entering.

For a Sunday-school entertainment the small Santas

can be used to distribute the presents to the children in the audience after the drill is over.

Red-Line Jubilee.

It is worth a great deal to have the right kind of memory. Although there are more bright spots than shadows in our lives, we are apt to forget this, and let the wrong kind of memory fasten itself upon us quite unawares. Many would be surprised, if they kept a record, to see how far the days with at least some gleams of gladness outnumbered the "days that are dark and cold and dreary." Try it. For a "red-line jubilee" you need to begin a year beforehand. At New Year's, or just before, each Junior is to be presented with a calendar, and the plan is as follows:

All that you need is your calendar, a clean pen, and a bottle of red ink. Every evening you take out your calendar, and, if the day has been a happy one, draw a red line all around the date; if it brought you only some gleams of gladness, make a red dot for every gleam; and, if it was a day of sorrow and trouble, unrelieved by any brightness, leave the date blank, with only its own black line surrounding it. Then, at the very end of the year, hold a "red-line jubilee," and see whose calendar makes the best showing. As every one learns by kindness to others to make his own happiness instead of being satisfied with any stale, second-hand variety, the red lines will grow more and more numerous. To the "red-line jubilee" bring all

the calendars for inspection; let there be a little talk from the pastor and a short programme of songs and recitations by the Juniors, every one of the cheery kind. Here are four that will serve as samples if the recitations are to be short enough so that each Junior can have one:

I.

Smile once in a while;
'Twill make your heart seem lighter.
Smile once in a while;
'Twill make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror; if we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we 're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us.

II.

There's help in seeming cheerful
When a body's feeling blue,
In looking calm and pleasant
If there's nothing else to do.
If other folks are wearing,
And things are all awry,
Don't vex yourself with caring;
'Twill be better by and by.

III.

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender,

And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

IV.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret —
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do;
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

If longer selections are wanted, "Cheer Up" and "The Bright Side" from "Junior Recitations" are both especially suitable. Such a meeting could be held the last Sunday in the year; or it could be made a sociable instead of a meeting, and held some evening during the week. In either case, don't forget to invite outsiders and share with them the sunshine that is being made. If on a week-night, the programme should be very short; and games, with the refreshments, should fill the rest of the time. Decorate the

rooms with red, including red shades over the lights if possible, and let a large frosted cake suitably marked with red lettering help to make the occasion memorable.

Among the games the variation of tag called "red line" could be included if the room is large. Stretch a red ribbon across the floor in a straight line, fastening the ends with weights or pins. This serves as a goal. One of the Juniors who has been chosen "it" cries, "Red line!" and starts to chase the other players. As soon as he touches one, both return to the line; then these two, clasping hands, start out again and touch some one else; then the three do the same; and so on. When there are four, or any even number, at the line, they may go two by two; but, whenever the number is odd, they must all run together in one long line. When all are caught, the game begins again, the first one caught in the previous game playing "it" as the new game is begun.

A "red-line hunt" would be fun, and could be arranged by hiding various small gifts or souvenirs, each tied to one end of a red cord, this wound and interlaced for some length around furniture, doors, etc., each child to be given a free end with the task of following the "red line" to its happy conclusion. Have each parcel wrapped in white tissue-paper and tied with a red ribbon or a bit of red embroidery silk, to carry out still further the plan of the evening. The gifts themselves should be very simple, and should be something equally suitable for boys and girls.

A Rope Social.

THIS is best fun when held in a barn, or a large attic, if stairways, etc., are safe; and it will prove a good opportunity to "rope in" new members, or at least to make those who are not members wish that they were. There is no programme, though Christian Endeavor songs at the beginning and close are in order at every Junior social. Girls may bring their skipping-ropes; and, if the place admits of swings, by all means put up several stout ones. Introduce the game of "rope ring-toss," or "grommet-pitching," as it is called by sailors. The rings are made of rope, with the strands first separated so as the better to weave them into smooth, firm rings about six to ten inches across. They are made all of the same size, or of graduated sizes, as preferred. If desired, they may be wound with ribbon. The game consists in throwing these "grommets" over an upright stake, or over pegs driven in the wall or in a board, each peg being numbered. The players have each a certain number of throws, and the score is kept to see who is most skilful.

When tired of this, they may play the game of "pink violets," composed of a little delightful nonsense and a good deal of running. The song which accompanies it may be sung to the tune of "Sing a song of sixpence," or to any other that it will fit, or to not much of any tune at all. The words are as follows:

"Pink, pink violets, and roses bright and blue!
A Junior in a prison—whatever shall we do?
We'll open the window east, and we'll open the window west,
And never, never tell if the prisoner does the rest!"

The children range themselves in a circle, holding a rope to help keep the circle of a uniform size. One of them, the prisoner, goes inside the ring; another, the jailer, stands outside. They begin to sing, and at the words, "We'll open the window east, and we'll open the window west," the players on first one side, then the opposite, lift the rope high enough for the prisoner to pass under; but the jailer outside is watching. The prisoner may take his choice, but must run out at one side or the other before the song stops, and must try to run once entirely around the ring before being overtaken by the jailer. Those holding the rope must neither help nor hinder the runners after the start is made, and the openings must be at about equal distances from the jailer. If the prisoner can run clear around the outside of the ring without being overtaken, he takes his place with the rest, between the two whose "open window" set him free; the former jailer becomes prisoner, the former prisoner's right-hand neighbor becomes jailer, and the game proceeds as at first. But, if the prisoner is touched ever so lightly by the one in chase, he is sent back to the centre, where he must remain; the jailer joins the ring anywhere he chooses; his right-hand neighbor becomes the new jailer and his left-hand one a new prisoner with privilege of escape; and so the game

continues. Each time only the *new* prisoner may run out. Whenever a third of the players are in the centre at one time, it ends the game.

After the enjoyment of the games and swings an old-fashioned molasses candy-pull may complete the festivities, and, as the Juniors vie with one another in pulling and deftly handling these most fascinating "ropes" of all as they gradually assume a light golden color, the social is sure to be voted a success.

The Good Giant

A Fantasy in Two Acts and Two Scenes

By Vincent Van Marter Beede

People of the Play

Kit Loring, *a boy of twelve.*
Joscelin Stacey, *a boy of ten.*
Maysie Loring, *a girl of eleven.*
Gillian Stacey, *a girl of twelve.*
The Good Giant Greatbig.
The Three Happy Little Giants.
The Giant's Baby.
Jack the Giant-Lover.
The Sand Man.
The Kind Bear.
The Obliging Ogre.
The Dear Dragon.
The Honest Robber.
The Motherly Giantess.
The Friendly Witch.

Time: This Very Minute.

Scene: Act I.—The Wood.
Act II.—The Castle of Giant Greatbig.

Costumes

KIT, JOSCELIN, MAYSIE, GILLIAN: Summer clothing, of the present fashion.

GIANT: A father, uncle, or big brother, tall, deep-voiced. Scarlet shirt, loose, elephant-colored jacket and knickerbockers, scarlet hose, rough shoes. Needless to say, he should be stuffed out as much as possible. A scarlet sash stuck full of swords and daggers. An alarm-clock, with a brass chain, in his breast-pocket. Beard black and full, mustache large and fierce, eyebrows corked heavily, nose and cheeks reddened. Red bandanna bound about his head. He should *not* look as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox.

LITTLE GIANTS: Boys of twelve, the fattest that can be found. No matter how fat they are, they should be stuffed out, just the same. Fluffy, light wigs, short gingham frocks, legs bare except for gay-colored socks,—say of emerald, scarlet, and vivid blue. Low shoes with a strap across them, after the fashion of French dolls.

GIANT'S BABY: A boy or girl of ten, well stuffed out. White long clothes, tight white cap, ruddy face. The Baby should carry a policeman's rattle.

JACK: A trim boy of eleven, handsomely dressed. Brown jacket, slashed with Lincoln green; long green hose, pointed brown shoes. A gilt belt, and a sword and a dagger in gilt scabbards. A curling horn slung over his shoulder. A small brown cap with green feathers.

SAND MAN: A boy of ten or eleven. Buff or light-

gray jacket and knickerbockers, pointed cap, long white beard, brown stockings, canvas slippers. A sack, apparently filled with sand, slung over his shoulders. A sand-pail fastened to a leather belt, and in one hand a child's sand-shovel.

BEAR: A good-sized boy of fourteen, with a gruff voice. A skin of a polar or black bear thrown about loosely-fitting white or black clothing. Clumsy shoes. Better still, a regulation costumer's bear's head, a long fur coat, and Indian moccasins of fur.

OGRE: A boy of twelve. Jacket and knickerbockers in red and white stripes, red sash, high boots. Huge nose, brown beard, Turkish fez.

DRAGON: A slim boy of ten or twelve in tight-fitting clothes striped in orange and red. Gold belt, long claws on hands and feet. If possible, a rented crocodile's head; but a head can be constructed of red and orange cloth sewed over pasteboard, a large cone representing the snout, two smaller cones the horns. A long, crinkly tail,—orange and red strips wound about a heavy rope.

ROBBER: A piratical-looking boy of ten in a green jacket, red knickerbockers, and top-boots. A blue sash stuck full of weapons, large mustache, wide felt hat with green plumes.

GIANTESS: A mother, aunt, or big sister, dressed to look as large as possible. Yellow gown, a long white apron.

WITCH: A nimble little girl of nine or ten. Black, pointed cap, black cape and skirt.

Scenery

ACT. I. SCENE 1. The best trees are real ones, saplings and evergreens, cut the morning before the performance. Painted scenery of course should be used to help out. Palms and shrubs can be rented for the evening. A great many pieces of candy—say, molasses drops wrapped in tissue-paper—should be laid in the branches of the sugar-plum tree. The bean-stalk can be made of three good-sized poles, set close together in openings cut through the stage. The tops should go up out of sight of the audience and be secured to a platform where actors can hide at the right time. The poles should be wound with real foliage, or with green tissue-paper. The trunk of the telephone tree might be a hollow log, in which a small door is cut. The bell and cardboard receiver are hung inside the opening. Branches should be skilfully thrust into the top of the log, to finish the tree. Branches should be heaped also about the "roots" of all the trees, and the more green things there are scattered about the stage, the better. The blunderbuss is made by fitting a cardboard horn to the end of a rifle, shot-gun, or toy gun; but the entire weapon can be made of wood and cardboard.

SCENE 2. Before the curtain goes up the bean-poles should be lifted out of their sockets, and the tops loosened and held in place by ropes in the hands of actors on the platform above. At the right moment the poles are allowed to fall.

ACT II. The fireplace may be cut through sheets of cardboard. A box may be placed in the opening. The larger the fireplace, the more giant-like will it seem. It would be a very good thing if some of the little carpenters in the company could make a huge chair, table, and cradle.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A clearing in a thick wood. Left, the bean-stalk; right, the sugar-plum tree and the telephone tree. The four children,* KIT, JOSCELIN, MAYSIE, GILLIAN, *are discovered, with their clothes somewhat torn and mussed. The girls are seated on a fallen log. An open and empty lunch-basket lies before them. The boys, armed with sticks, are moving about. At the rise of the curtain* MAYSIE *is sobbing.*

KIT. Cheer up, sis. What's the use of crying? It isn't so very late, is it, Jos? We can't be many miles from home. We've got our compass along, you know; and all we have to do is to keep due east.

GILLIAN. I'm sick of our old exploring, anyway! (*Sniffling a bit.*)

JOSCELIN. You make me tired, Gill! What do we care?

GILLIAN. It was your plan, Jos, and you see how it has come out. I believe that farmer was telling you

a whopper when he said there was a robbers' cave in these woods.

KIT. O no, he wasn't. It is a true story. Tommy Field's father says it is. He says people have been hunting for the cave a hundred years, and that there is treasure ——

MAYSIE (*wiping her eyes*). I'd rather have a nice big piece of bread and molasses than ten million rubies, I would!

JOSCELIN. We may find some checkerberries yet.

(*The roaring of a bear, and the trolling of a song, heard.*)

THE GIRLS (*rushing toward the boys*). Oh! Oh! Oh! A bear! What shall we do?

KIT. Hide—and be quick about it! There—into those thick bushes! (*The girls hide at rear.*) Jos, we've got to defend them! Wish I had a gun or something!

JOSCELIN. I think I had better shin up a tree!

KIT. Not a bit of it. Let's hide, though.

(*They do so, peeping out from time to time, and flourishing their clubs. The roaring and singing become louder. The words of the song, sung in a great, gruff voice, are the following.*)

Sing fol de rol de riddle-iddle ay!
I am big, and I am strong,
Happy as the day is long.
The sheep, they follow trusting at my heels.

Upon my shoulders light
The cooing pigeons white,
And in my pockets squirrels find their meals.
Sing fol de rol de riddle-iddle ay!

Sing fol de rol de riddle-iddle ay!
No brazen club for me!
No bloody trickery!
No dragging of a princess by the hair!
No robbing of birds' nests,
No eating up of guests,
No frightening of peasants at a fair!
Sing fol de rol de riddle-iddle ay!

Enter, right, the GOOD GIANT GREATBIG, *carrying a blunderbuss, and arm in arm with the* KIND BEAR.

The GOOD GIANT.

Fee—fi—fo—fum!
I smell some boys and girls, I vum!
Be they short, or be they tall,
I'll hunt them out, and kiss them all!

Come on, Bear! I hear breathings. Don't be frightened, my dear kids. We wouldn't eat you for anything.

KIT (*sticking his head around the tree*). Honestly?

GIANT AND BEAR. Honestly!

GIANT. Come out, all of you. I want to talk with you. (*The children come forward, the girls more timidly than the boys. The girls scream when the* BEAR *offers his paw and hugs them gently. The*

boys, too, are hugged, to their amusement. GIANT *kisses the children.*) How do you happen to be in the middle of the wood, all by yourselves, at this time of day?

JOSCELIN. We're lost. We have been trying to find the robbers' cave. Say, are you a real giant?

GIANT. Of course, my boy. Do I appear like a midget? I am not only a giant, but the last of the giants. My uncle was the famous Two-Headed Giant, and my fourteenth cousin was slain by Jack the Giant-Killer.

KIT. Is he alive?

GIANT. Very much so, I can assure you. Do you know, he's my only enemy? To tell the truth, I'm mortally afraid of him. He's a terrible boy. He's sure death on giants, and will never believe that I'm not as bad as my relatives. I'm afraid he'll get the best of me some fine day.

GILLIAN. Please, sir, how can we get home? I want to go, awfully bad!

GIANT. Well, now, little girl, I'll see that you get home safely, never fear. But, dear me, you are the first children that I have met in these deep woods. I generally go about at night to keep out of the way of Jack, the Giant-Killer, but my wife wanted me to shoot a few eagles for supper.

JOSCELIN. Can you tell us where the robbers' cave is?

BEAR. I live in it.

KIT. Is there treasure?

BEAR. O, a few pecks of emeralds; that's all. I threw most of them away. They are very uncomfortable to lie on.

JOSCELIN. Where are the robbers?

BEAR. Dead, all except the captain. He has turned honest, and lives with the Giant.

GIANT (*who has been gazing upward*). Hi! There's an eagle! (*Raises blunderbuss. Children stop their ears. He fires. An eagle drops at his feet.*) And there's a crow! (*Shoots again. A bunch of black feathers floats down.*) I've only clipped his tail-feathers! How ridiculous the bird must look! Listen, children. If you start for home now, it will be dark before you get there. Why can't you spend the night at my castle?

KIT. Our parents would ——

GIANT. I know. You think your people will be anxious. I'll telephone them. (*Goes to the tree at the right, opens a little door in the trunk, takes down a telephone receiver, and rings the bell.*) What's your number? Cucumber? (*Rings bell again.*)

KIT. No. It's 333.

GIANT (*speaking into the telephone*). Give me 333. Thank you. Who is this? Mr. Loring? This is Mr. Greatbig. I found some of your little relatives lost in the wood, and they are going to stay at my house over night. Don't be alarmed. They will come home in the morning. Good-by. I didn't give him a chance to say "No."

BEAR. Are you hungry, children?

MAYSIE. Terribly!

BEAR. Then I'd better shake the sugar-plum tree.

(*Shakes a tree, right. Shower of candy. The children scramble for it. Clear sound of a horn.*)

GIANT (*much disturbed*). Fee—fi—fo—fum! Jack's horn! Children, I beg of you to escape with me, or I am done for. Here—up this bean-stalk!

(*A louder blast from the horn.* BEAR *and* GIANT *boost the boys up the bean-stalk, left.*)

GIANT AND BEAR. Hurry! Hurry!

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*The same.* JACK THE GIANT-KILLER *is chopping furiously at the bean-stalk. His horn, his lantern, and his sword lie near at hand.*

VOICE OF KIT (*from above*). Too late, Jacky, my boy. We've chopped off our end of the stalk; so we're safe and sound.

(*Shower of beans falls on* JACK.)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*A room in* GIANT GREATBIG'S *Castle. Rear, left, window; fireplace, with lighted candle on the mantel, centre; door, right, rear. Bare wooden floor. Left, a big cradle, containing the* GIANT'S *baby. A rocking-chair next the cradle. Right, a rude table, on it a drinking-mug as large as a bucket. Smoke-stained walls. At the rise, a ring-around dance is going on to lively music. Those dancing are the* GIANT, *the* BEAR, *the* DEAR DRAGON, *the* OBLIGING OGRE, *and the four lost children. The* MOTHERLY GIANTESS *stands at right, beating time with a potato-masher on a chopping-bowl. The door bursts open. Enter the* THREE HAPPY LITTLE GIANTS *in great excitement.*

FIRST H. L. G. O papa! papa!

(*Dance and music cease.*)

GIANT. What is it, my child?

FIRST H. L. G. Why, we peeped over the edge of the bean-stalk cliff, and Jack chopped the stalk down, and it fell on his leg, and he lies there groaning!

GIANTESS. The poor fellow! Hub, what are you going to do about it?

GIANT. We must help the lad. Boys, get the rope ladder. (*They do so.*)

OBLIGING OGRE. Here, give it to me. What is an ogre for if not to be obliging? Come on, everybody!

[*Exeunt all but* GIANTESS.

Enter through window, left, the FRIENDLY WITCH *and her broomstick.*

WITCH. Good-evening, Mrs. Greatbig.

GIANTESS. Goo—good-evening! How you startled me! What have you been doing to-day?

WITCH. O, sweeping cobwebs off the sky, so that it will be bright and pleasant for picnics to-morrow. I cleaned soot out of chimneys to save work for the poor little sweep-boys, and I gave old men and women diamond spectacles with gold rims so that they can read without hurting their eyes.

GIANTESS. You are a good soul indeed.

WITCH. O, no, I'm not. I'm just reporting progress. And I dropped chocolates, and caps with lavender ribbons, through the open windows of Old Ladies' Homes.

GIANTESS. Lovely! lovely!

WITCH. But the best fun of all was giving a breath of air to fifty poor women who work in city factories. I rode them on my broomstick three or four hundred miles or so. One dear thing cracked her funny-bone on the north star. I didn't mean to brush by so closely. (*Enter the* OGRE *and the* GIANT, *supporting* JACK, *whose leg is neatly bandaged. The other people follow.* JACK *is placed in the rocking-chair, by the fire.*) I can make his leg well, quick as a wink! (*She touches* JACK'S *leg with her broomstick. He pulls off the bandage, and capers about delightedly.*)

JACK. Thank you, dear Witch. Giant Greatbig, I

am more sorry than I can say that I have hounded you all this time. I never suspected that you were a good giant. You know the kind of man your uncle used to be.

GIANT (*shaking hands with* JACK). Well, now we are good friends, aren't we, hey?

JACK. You know I'm an orphan. I wonder if you would care to adopt me.

GIANT. A very good plan. I know you will set a good example to my boys, and make yourself useful generally.

GIANTESS (*hugging* JACK). You dear child, you! To think that an hour ago I dreaded to hear your very name spoken! My! How muscular you are!

JACK. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Greatbig, I would like to change my name. Hereafter I wish to be known as Jack the Giant-*Lover*.

(*All cheer and clap their hands. The* DEAR DRAGON, *after embracing* JACK, *goes to centre and recites*) :

O, once I was a Nawful Thing—a dread to man and child.
I snorted and cavorted till the villagers went wild.
I ate a church and steeple and three hundred pews of people,
And then I waved my crinkly tail, and bellowed, bowed, and smiled.

Of course I was a favorite when July Fourth came round,
For my firework and my smoke-murk were the finest to be found.
Why, people paid a dollar just to hear my mighty holler,
And when I breathed out ten-foot flames they fell flat on the ground.

To shorten my biography, I'll whisper what befell.
A fire-brigade it was that made me anything but well.
They played the hose, and soaked me, and with their wall-hooks poked me,
Until I crawled away more wet and sore than I can tell.

I took a cold, and nearly died. When I grew strong again,
I could no more breathe flames, and roar from my grim mountain den.
I had no great desire, sir, to scorch the fields with fire, sir,
Or to make my meals of churches filled with chubby village men.

(*Loud rapping heard.*)

GIANT. Come in!

Enter the HONEST ROBBER.

ROBBER. Hollo, everybody. Having a tea-party, Mrs. Giantess?

GIANTESS. O, no. Hub picked up some nice lost children in the wood, and here they are. Children, this is Rob Highway, the Honest Robber.

(*The* HONEST ROBBER *shakes hands with all the children.*)

GIANT (*drinking from his mug*). Well, Rob, my boy, how have you been making yourself useful to-day?

ROBBER. This morning I went to the dog-pound with a furniture-van, and filled it cram-full of lost puppies—cram-full, children. You never heard such a growling and yowling in your life. I drove slowly, and whenever I heard a child crying: "I want my dog! He's lost!" I'd say, "Describe him," and it

wasn't long, generally, before the dog and his little master were in each other's arms.

KIT. Hurrah for you, old man!

JOSCELIN. What else did you do?

ROBBER. This evening I have chased seventeen burglars and taken away their stolen goods from them.

MAYSIE. Did you keep the things yourself?

ROBBER. Fie, fie, no! I'm an *Honest* Robber. I restored the property, and made a hundred dollars reward.

(*A distant clock strikes twelve, and the* GIANT'S *alarm-clock goes off in his pocket. He takes it out hurriedly.*)

GIANT. Yes, I am correct. Gracious, children, it's very late for you to be up! My dear, shouldn't they go to sleep at once?

GIANTESS. Yes, by all means, hub. I've been so excited I forgot all about such a thing as bedtime.

[*Exit, left.*

GIANT. I'll telephone for the Sand Man. (*Goes to the telephone at the right of the fireplace.*) 128 Seashore, please. Hollo, Sandy. Take the first gust of wind for Castle Greatbig. He'll be here in a moment, children.

Enter GIANTESS, *left, with green boughs.*

GIANTESS (*strewing boughs on the floor*). Sit right down, chickabiddies. (*The* LORINGS *and* STACEYS *and the children of the* GIANT *sit down together.*)

GIANT. Good-night, children. My helpers and I have an important piece of work to do between now and sunrise. We are going to carry a dozen or two tenement-houses from the city into the country, and set them down gently in green fields.

GILLIAN. Won't the children be surprised and happy when they wake up!

BEAR. And in place of the houses we shall lay out a beautiful playground for the poor children who are left in the neighborhood. Good night, all!

CHILDREN. Good night!

JACK. Good night!

OGRE. Good night!

CHILDREN. Good night!

DRAGON. Happy dreams!

CHILDREN. Good night!

ROBBER. Good night!

CHILDREN. Good night!

WITCH. Good night! [*Exit by the window.*

GIANT. I'll be back in the morning to see that you get home safely. Good night!

CHILDREN AND GIANTESS. Good night!

Enter SAND MAN, *softly, by door, right, without rapping.* GIANTESS *nods to him, then blows out all but one candle. The* SAND MAN *waves his hand. The children sink back on the boughs. He then casts a little imaginary sand from his bag into each eye, and goes out as softly as he came.* GIANTESS *takes up her baby from the*

cradle, left. It squalls. She hushes it, seats herself in a rocking-chair, centre, and sings this lullaby:

B-a, ba, b-o, bo,
B-i, bi, baby bye.
Mamma's little Giant is tired of all his play,
Tired of all the mischief he has done to-day;
Tired of pulling pine-trees clear up by the roots.
Go to sleep, my Giant, my six-foot Tootsy-Woots!
(*Children snore.*)

CURTAIN.

Orange Social.

HAVE bunches of yellow flowers pinned to draperies and in other places where the romping will not cause breakages. All the other decorations, as far as possible, should be of the same cheerful hue. Some one may give a brief talk describing "The Children that Live where Oranges Grow," illustrated by stereopticon or by some of the Perry Pictures. This, if carefully prepared, can be made very interesting to children of colder climates than those of sunny Italy and our own South. Missionary features may be introduced if desired.

After the talk have the decks cleared for action. Did you ever see, or participate in, a game of orange croquet? If not, you have missed a great deal of fun. It is merely parlor croquet, with oranges for balls, um-

brella-handles for mallets, and big books placed tent-wise upon the floor for wickets. An umpire could be improvised out of an orange, a squash, and four or five sticks or clothes-pins. Cut the features in the orange-peel with a penknife, fasten the orange head and the squash body together with a short stick whittled sharp at the ends, insert the clothes-pins for arms and legs, and your umpire is complete.

Following the croquet may be the game of "Mr. Woodenhead." A strip of orange-colored cambric is stretched on the floor, across the room, to form a race-course. At one end place a large tray of oranges, at the other an empty basket. The game is to see who in a given time can carry the most oranges safely across the room, from tray to basket, with the aid only of a wooden spoon. A jolly face painted or carved on the outside of the bowl of the spoon, and a large yellow bow tied on for a cravat, turns the spoon into "Mr. Woodenhead." He may be presented as a souvenir to the winner of the race.

Refreshments may be sandwiches, lemonade, and orange squares, or other plain cake with orange icing. As the children are about to go home, they may be given each a missionary mite-box in the form of an orange, to fill for the benefit of some mission field ; or, if it has not been a missionary social, a souvenir that would please any child is a little basket cut out of the peel of an orange, using half, with a strip of peel from the other half left on for a handle, the basket so made to be filled with candies.

A Flower Show.

EACH boy or girl represents a flower. Every one jots down the names of the other guests and the names of the flowers which he supposes they are. The reward for the most names might be a dozen roses, and for the least a pair of sunflowers, or a bunch of squash-blossoms, or a geranium growing in a bright-colored tin can. Here are some hints for costumes :

1. Pennyroyal. An English penny hung from the neck by a ribbon.

2. Oxeye. A target painted on a card. An arrow is sticking through the "bull's-eye."

3. Monk's-hood. A boy wearing a monk's cowl, or perhaps the complete dress of a monk.

4. Goldenrod. The boy or girl carries a brass curtain-rod.

5. Hop. The boy or girl must occasionally hop on one foot.

6. Four-o'clock, or Thyme, either one. A clock hung from the neck is set at four o'clock.

7. Elder. A boy is made to appear like an old man. His hair is dusted with flour, and wrinkles are painted on his face. He should lean on a staff, and wear spectacles.

8. Broom. A girl dressed like a housekeeper carries a tiny broom.

9. Rocket (rock it). A girl is rocking her doll in a cradle.

10. Sage. A solemn, wise-looking boy in spec-

tacles, top hat, and long trousers. He must frequently peep into a large book.

11. Sweet-william. A boy named William should wear a necklace made of lumps of sugar.

12. Jonquil. A boy named John, wearing quills in every available place.

When the guessing and refreshments are over, a floral game which might be added is that of "Red and White Roses." Sixteen can play. Tie a narrow strip of cloth to one sleeve of each Junior, eight of the strips white and eight red, to distinguish the Red from the White Roses. Appoint a captain from each side, or let one be chosen by "counting out." Determine in the same way which side shall move first. Spread a sheet on the floor; mark it off with black crayon in sixteen squares, four on a side; and you are ready. The object of each division is to get four players of its own color in a row, either straight or diagonally. The first captain begins by placing himself on any square he chooses. The captain from the other side does the same, and the other players follow, one from each side moving alternately and trying to secure the row of red or white roses as the case may be. This game, believed to be a new one, is likely to prove a favorite.

An Evening with "Ads."

SET the Juniors to collecting clever pictorial advertisements, omitting, of course, the liquor and tobacco ones. Each might learn what facts he can, of general

interest, regarding the trade-mark chosen or the business represented in connection with the pictures he has selected. Then the Juniors invite their friends, young and old, to a social "evening with ads."

The pictures are pinned by the Juniors to a large sheet previously fastened to the wall. After they have been thoroughly examined by the guests, they are taken down and distributed by the Juniors. One picture, together with paper and pencil, is given to each guest, who is then requested to write, in verse, a few lines to fit the picture. After this all are called upon to read what has been written. For example, a shirt-maker has an advertisement showing the picture of the back of a man's head labelled, "This is Tom; meet me face to face," with the question, "Am I Irish or Scotch?" written above it. The rhyme produced to fit it was as follows:

"Can this be Tom, the piper's son,
Of pork-abstracting fame?
If so, he must be Irish, sure,
The pig could prove that same!
And Irish linen shirts, you know,
Must be the very best;
So buy your goods henceforth of Tom;
You'll find they stand the test."

The papers are collected and put in a safe place, after which a vote is taken on the merits of the various effusions.

The pictures are then again distributed, this time to their owners among the Juniors, who have been mak-

ing them a special study, and each Junior who is prepared tells a fact or two in regard to one of the pictures. The trade-mark of a certain popular brand of cocoa originated in Holland more than two hundred years ago, and no doubt the way in which it came to be chosen would make an interesting story. These incidents will bring out still other similar facts which the guests may happen to know regarding the advertisements, and a half-hour or so will thus pass pleasantly and instructively to all.

Refreshments may consist of some of the articles advertised, or of sandwiches, apple salad, small cakes, and lemonade, or, if in the proper season, hot maple syrup and biscuit at a charge of twenty cents a plate. If so voted, a more or less extended report of the evening's entertainment may be sent to the newspaper; and a marked copy may be sent to the firm whose unique picture advertisement won the popular vote. This should be accompanied by a letter of explanation.

A "Jap" Social.

HAVE you ever seen the pretty little Japanese cottages in Jackson Park, Chicago, with their quaint decorations looking as if they had been transported in some really magical way from the land of the lotus blossom? It was looking at these that gave me the idea of a "Jap social" for the Juniors.

Arrange Japanese fans, parasols, and lanterns about the room, lay down strips or rugs of Japanese matting,

and partition off various cosey nooks with Japanese screens. Have no chairs, but plenty of cushions instead. As to flowers, they can be chosen from a long list—chrysanthemums, white lilies and roses, purple Canterbury bells, cherry blossoms, clematis, yellow and white water-lilies; the pink lotus and white feathery orchid are not so easy to procure, but might be imitated, perhaps, with paper. At one such social the walls were entirely covered with branches of trees sprinkled thickly with cherry blossoms made of pink paper, representing the beautiful gardens of Tokyo.

This would be a good occasion for the Juniors to entertain strangers and "grown-ups," and charge an admission fee, as it can be made very pretty and interesting.

Costumes for the Juniors can be improvised from flowered silk or cotton draperies with a little basting, a twist here, and a pin there, such as deft fingers can give. Do not forget the *obi*, or broad sash, the flowing sleeves, and the fans, for the little girls. One of the boys might wear a straw rain-coat, which is strictly Japanese, and is made as shown in the picture. Another boy might be a water-carrier, dressed in dark-blue cotton and

bearing a yoke on his shoulders, from each end of which hangs a wooden water-pail.

The bells of Japan have a remarkably musical, silvery tone; tradition says that the finest have much silver in their composition, which may account for their deep and wonderful sweetness. Whether this be true or not, they are much more musical than Japanese music itself. They are not sounded by a clapper within, but are struck from the outside, by a sort of wooden arm or battering-ram. This might be imitated, by a little experimenting.

Tables should be placed around, containing curios and Japanese ware for sale, including blotters and other small articles decorated in Japanese designs, some of which can be prepared by the Juniors themselves; also real Japanese boxes and trays; the fine Japanese colored photographs procured from the United Society of Christian Endeavor; and the quaint Japanese dolls. Coins from Japan, if procurable, will be of interest.

Among the articles for sale should be the toy called by Japanese children "Daruma San," or "Mr. Daruma." It is a strong pasteboard figure of an old man in a squatting position, and is so rounded and weighted at the bottom that it will always bob up in a sitting posture, no matter how often one may knock it over. Another toy still more interesting is the "Ukibara." These perfectly plain-looking little paper sticks are magical in their possibilities, for when placed in water they act as if they were alive, unfold-

ing and floating around in the form of brightly colored fishes, flowers, fruits, animals, and many other pretty and curious things. Children, and older people, too, will watch them a long time without tiring of the amusement. They come in envelopes. An outfit costs fifteen cents, and can also be procured from the United Society.

Stories and recitations about Japan are in order. A fan drill by a number of girls would be a pretty feature to introduce, if desired, even though not new enough to claim space for description here.

Refreshments might include tea for the grown-up guests, sandwiches for all, small bowls of rice to be eaten with chopsticks, hot ears of roasted sweet corn on a pretty Japanese tray, and a variety of sweet cakes. All should be served on tiny square individual tables about six inches high; and, if any one complains at being obliged to fold himself up like an umbrella in order to partake of these delicacies, tell him that his complaints cannot be understood unless he will consent to express them in Japanese. But, as every one is extremely polite in Japan, there will probably be no trouble of this kind.

Sky-Parlor Reception, No. 1.

An attic is usually a wonderland of delight to any normal child, whether a reader of Sara Crewe's charming adventures or not; but it is a wonderland too little explored. A large, clean, light, old-fashioned attic may be utilized in turn for a reception-hall,

curiosity-shop, library, work-room, dramatic recital, and romping-ground. Its possibilities are great, and would fill several afternoons. One such occasion might be as follows:

Let the Juniors be received with more or less ceremony by the committee of large or small folk who are acting as hosts and hostesses. If old-fashioned costumes are worn by those receiving, it adds to the fun. After the arrival in the "sky-parlor," the guests are privileged to have a sight of any antique relics that have curious stories connected with them. If a nice grandma can be found to tell the stories, so much the better; but it is to be hoped that she will not prove too fascinating if there is to be any work done.

Tables are placed around in light portions of the attic, spread with piles of old papers and magazines, and a pair of scissors and a chair for each child. The Juniors look through the periodicals, and clip pictures, and perhaps stories also, that they think would be good for future scrap-book use, placing them in boxes, to be sorted next time. Rosy apples, nuts, and pop-corn will be acceptable after their arduous labors, and the Juniors will go home quite ready to come again the very next Saturday afternoon.

Sky-Parlor Reception, No. 2.

This time a corner of the attic is transformed into a representation of Sara Crewe's odd little room, so

cleverly and mysteriously changed from dismal bareness to cosey luxury by the East Indian friend next door. There should be a cot, cushions, rugs, draperies, quaint Oriental ornaments, and last, but not least, the three essentials—Sara herself, her long-suffering doll, and the monkey. A toy monkey will do. The story may be read—and more or less acted, if desired—for the entertainment of the children.

Either before or afterward some of the clippings may be sorted ready for scrap-books; and a few such afternoons of mingled work and play will be among the brightest experiences of the Juniors.

A Pastery Party.

BE very mysterious in your remarks about what is to go on at this party, answering all questions by whispering in the ears of your friends: "Why, don't you know what a pastery party is like? I'm really surprised!"

There is pastry and pastry. A pastery party, to keep the secret no longer, is a scrap-book party, nothing more. O, but it's fun! Try it. Get hold of a lot of illustrated periodicals; the more guests you have, the more magazines you need. If you can find colored picture cards besides, all the better. Ask your mother to make enough flour paste to fill several cups. Fifteen or twenty guests are not too many. A sheet, an old table-cloth, or neat pieces of wrapping-paper should be spread on the table or

tables. There must be plenty of elbow-room for scrap-booking.

A pastery party need not be an expensive affair. I once had three dozen scrap-books made for about two dollars and fifty cents. This is the way I went about it: Down at the wholesale wrapping-paper store I bought a good-sized pile of sheets left over from a large order. The paper was manila, smooth, and not too thin or too thick. I cannot remember the exact measurements. At any rate, the old binder up-town cut them into two sizes, and the smaller size, eight by fifteen inches, is the best for a pastery party. There should not be more than twenty pages in a book. My covers were of terra-cotta cartridge-paper. Any medium heavy paper will do. If you wish to be economical, you can stitch each book with a single piece of string, punching the holes with a scissors-blade. The books should be numbered.

When the guests, seated at the tables, are waiting for the pie (or something) to be brought on, you and your assistants should enter, dressed in chefs' aprons and caps, from the kitchen, first with a trayful of paste-cups, which you should set on the table in a very dignified manner, one cup for each guest. Maybe the guests will peer into their cups, and wonder whether they are expected to eat their custard without any spoons! As soon as they catch sight of the mucilage-brushes—which can be procured cheaply at the stationer's—and the scissors, they will begin to suspect what is meant by the word "pastery." Bring

on next the scrap-books and the magazines, and tell your friends that at the end of an hour of "scrapping" rewards will be given by three grown-up judges for (1) the neatest and best-arranged book, (2) for the book containing the largest number of pictures, and (3) for the book which is filled first.

The time-limit should be exact. Every person should write down on a piece of paper the number marked on the cover of his book, and next to the number his own name. The books should be carried to the judges, who are seated up-stairs in a room with closed doors. Not until they have announced the winning numbers will they be furnished with the slips of paper containing the names to which the numbers belong. By taking these precautions the contest will be absolutely fair. The scrap-books should be given next day to the children's ward of a hospital, or to the children's room in a library. Each pastery-cook's name should be written in his book, and under the names of the successful competitors should be set down what rewards they won.

The rewards might be these: A handsome scrap-book, a bottle of library paste, and a pair of scissors. While the judges are deciding, the company might play "Jenkins up!" or cut paper dolls. The refreshments might be miniature apple-pies, the size of a small saucer, for each guest. After the party is over ask those guests who did not have time to paste their books full kindly to do so at home and return them to the hostess as soon as possible.

A Pillow-Fight.

To prepare for this, the Juniors will be busy collecting "ammunition" for some time, from all quarters—woods and fields, garden and lawn, library and sewing-room. When there is enough, they can have their pillow-fight. In fact, they may need to have several of them.

First, the various pillows, or cushions, must be made. The girls can first make the plain, square, muslin foundation bags, and then embroider covers for them, or they can make the covers by sewing bright ribbons together in strips, or by crocheting them, or in various other ways to suit their own taste. Each Junior girl, from the oldest to the youngest, will want to make one.

Meanwhile, both boys and girls can collect, prepare, and sort the materials for filling them. Some can be filled with cotton, with a little sachet-powder sprinkled in; others, with paper torn into small pieces; others, with pine needles; others, with dried rose-leaves—or the rose-leaves, if not very plentiful, may be mixed with bits of paper, or used with cotton instead of sachet-powder. The clean, fine inner husks of corn, torn into shreds, and dried, make excellent ones; and a recent fancy is for pillows filled with dried autumn leaves. I would not advise feathers; they are not so inexpensive, and are usually too much trouble when flying about in a room full of people. The other materials named above are all easy to manage, and

still other good ones will be likely to occur to the Juniors and their friends.

When the foundation pillows are filled and sewed up, which in itself will be both fun and work for the whole society, and before the decorated covers are put on, is the time to have the pillow-fight. Divide the Juniors into two companies; line them up across the room from one another, with their ammunition; and if they are normal children they will need no instructions how to proceed. The pillows are "fired" merrily back and forth until one company or the other is driven from its stronghold or has had all its ammunition confiscated by the opposing forces. It is a good test of the sewing, too; for, unless the stitches are secure, there *may* be a sudden shower of rose-leaves, paper snowflakes, or autumn treasures, when least expected.

Nuts and apples, or other simple refreshments, will be welcome when the battle is over. The outside covers are then put on the pillows, and the last bit of sewing—the one seam left open in the pretty cover—may be finished if there is time, or taken home by the Juniors to be completed there. The pillows, when done, may be either sold at a fair or given to some home for invalids, where there never can be too many or too great a variety. If the latter plan is adopted, a cheering message, either a comforting verse from the Bible—the health promises are the best, and will often do what the doctor's medicine cannot—or a bit of sunshine from some bright or restful poem may be

written on a slip of paper and pinned to each pillow. Selecting, writing, and attaching these will make more pleasant work for the Juniors, which may be done separately or together.

A Good-Luck Social.

For a late October social, perhaps for a Hallowe'en frolic, this will be liked by many; but it is good at any time of the year.

A good-luck fairy, or witch, in a long red cloak and high pointed hat, should be mistress of ceremonies. If the time is Hallowe'en, the rooms may be lighted with Jack-o'-lanterns. One doorway may have a portière of apples hung on strings of different lengths. The tallest Juniors are to stoop and "bite" for those hanging on the longest strings; the shorter ones reach for those above, in the same way. In the middle of this portière hangs a horseshoe, and for the first game let the Juniors each try to throw three tiny apples between the prongs of the horseshoe. Those successful in doing so are supposed to have good luck throughout the coming year.

Another game that might be played is apple-shooting. Place apples of distinctive colors, red, yellow, and green, afloat in a tub of water, and let the Juniors shoot at them with toy bows and arrows. To fire an arrow into a red apple assures one of good health; to shoot a yellow one means wealth; and those who succeed in hitting the green ones are to have some especial piece of great good luck.

Arrange the chairs in the form of a horseshoe, and seat the Juniors, all except two—one who goes out of the room, and one who acts as "reporter," and must have a good memory. This is the game of "wishes and compliments." Each player makes a remark or wish concerning the one out of the room. For instance, one says, "She wears a wig." Another, "I wish she would sing a song." A third, "She can't sing a note." A fourth, "She can recite beautifully." A fifth, "I wish she may go to Africa as a missionary." A sixth, "She is dreadfully conceited." A seventh, "She is the best scholar in her class," etc. The "compliments" will not all be of the most flattering kind, and the wishes will be either sensible or nonsensical ones, as occur to the wishers. Then the reporter calls in the absent one, tells her that one person has said so-and-so about her, and asks her to guess from the remark who the person is. She has only one guess for each remark. As soon as she guesses one correctly, the one thus discovered must take her place; and so on throughout the game.

This game might be followed by a number of "good-luck stories," each Junior telling the best piece of good luck, as he considers it, that ever happened to him.

A hunt for four-leaf clovers, of which there may be a hundred or more made of green paper and hidden about the rooms, will be enjoyed. The one who finds the most may be rewarded either by some trifle like a pin-tray or by a stick-pin in the form of a four-leaf clover or horseshoe; or, if he is one of the younger

Juniors, by a copy of that charming little book for children, by Mrs. Annie Rix Militz, "The Wonderful Wishers of Wishing-Well."

Again the Juniors may be seated in their horseshoe row, and play the game of "wishes and results," which is quite different from the other wishing game. Each is given a slip of paper and a pencil, and is asked to write his greatest wish. These slips are then collected and others passed, on which each player answers the question, "What do you think would happen if you should have your wish?" These "results" are collected as were the wishes, and after thoroughly mixing the slips, but keeping the two sets separate, each set is numbered from one up, and the wishes and results are then read in pairs, according to number; the results, as might be expected, often proving amusingly inappropriate to the wishes.

Refreshments may be apples roasted and corn popped by the Juniors themselves, to which may be added nuts, lemonade, and cookies in the shape of horseshoes and four-leaf clovers. Just before the close, the good-luck fairy or some other "grown-up" should give a short talk clearly explaining the truth that every person really controls his own "luck," and saying that a magical recipe will be given to each Junior on starting for home, which, if followed, will keep him always fortunate. This "recipe," typewritten and handed to each in an addressed envelope labeled "Good-Luck Recipe," is the definition of "luck" given by Max O'Rell, as follows:

"Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business, and not meddling with other people's. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources."

Making Valentines.

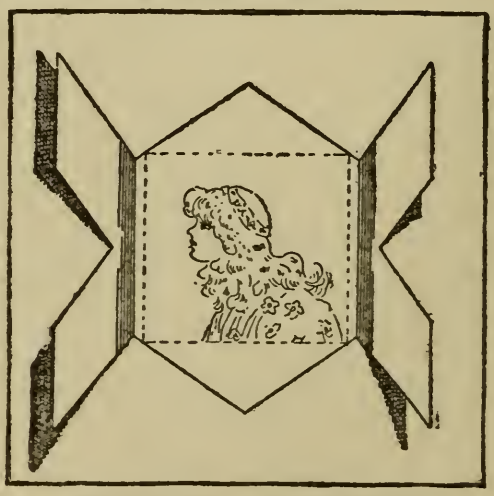
If some of the Juniors wish to surprise their friends, or the inmates of their pet charitable institutions, with kind thoughts in the form of valentines, those made by themselves are sure to be most acceptable; and then, too, it is such fun to make them!

The materials needed are white and colored paper, including gilt and silver paper, also paste and scissors. One has first to cut the colored paper into squares, which may then be folded into quarters and the quarters into triangles; then cut these into all kinds of intricate tracery, and they will be pretty when unfolded, for the repetition gives beauty to the most awkward cutting. Next paste them on a background of white, and decorate them with mottoes or with tiny doves and hearts, in gold.

One little girl even attemped to cut out a Cupid for a very special valentine, to be given to her grandma; and, although the Cupid was a little lop-sided, it was still quite imposing. Another wee girl, the little sister of one of the Juniors, made good use of her kindergarten skill by *sewing* a valentine! Her sister prepared it for her by cutting a heart about

three inches across, from a piece of folded paper; using this as a pattern, she marked around it on a piece of cardboard, made a small oblong in the centre, for a picture-frame, and pricked the outline for the five-year-old to sew with blue silk. This was accomplished with much delight, and with a stamp picture of the giver pasted in the centre of the oblong was as pretty a valentine as need be.

One favorite kind, the "window" valentine, was made by taking a square of paper, doubling it and cutting one straight slit half-way across from centre to the outside; then folding it once the other way—into quarters—and cutting off the corner so as, when unfolded, to make a square opening in the centre, with its corners opposite the sides of the larger square. While the paper was folded in quarters, a third slit was cut, parallel with the last one. When unfolded, this brought strips each side, which were folded back on the outside of the valentine; a picture was pasted back of the opening, and the valentine looked like this:



WINDOW VALENTINE

Another was made to represent the front of a house, with a "Welcome" door-mat and a door that opened and disclosed a photograph of the giver. On the door was inscribed,

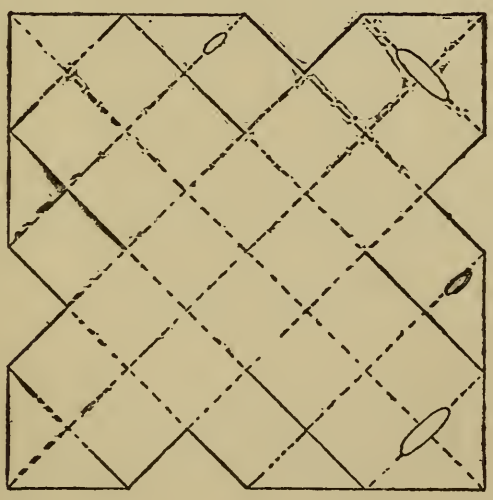
> "Open this door, and you will find
> One who would be your valentine."

Still another represented a dainty lady on horseback just ready to jump through a paper hoop held by a clown. Underneath was the verse,

> "Jump through this paper hoop of mine,
> And find your own true valentine."

The paper in the hoop concealed a photograph. Of course it should be explained to the children that valentines containing photographs are supposed to be for relatives.

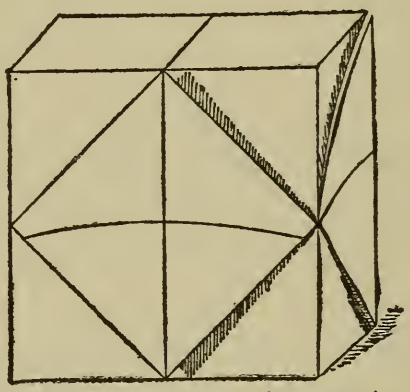
One of the prettiest surprises of all on the occasion of which I am speaking, was a wonder-box, made from a piece of heavy paper six inches across. Fast-



ened securely in a most mysterious way, and with bits of candy rattling tantalizingly inside, it was a delightful, but not an easy, task, to open it, even to those who knew how.

The diagram shows by dotted lines exactly where the paper squares must be folded, and the heavy lines show where it must be cut. The holes are for the corners, folded small, to be put through, and then straightened out again.

This is the way the wonder-box looks when done:



WONDER-BOX (Closed)

It would be as good for a Christmas present as for a valentine.

A New Kind of Dinner-Party.

THIS was one of the invitations:

DEAR BERTOL:

I hope you will not think it odd if I ask you to be either a table-furnishing or something to eat at my

dinner-party. Will you be kind enough to be served at my house two weeks from to-night; that is, Tuesday, October sixth, nineteen hundred and three, at half-past seven? And, if you accept, will you not please let me know what you choose to be?

Hungrily your friend,

L. BETTINA ARNED.

45 Muscovy Street,
Tuesday, September twenty-second.

About thirty children came. Of course there were more girls than boys (there always are); still, the boys could be discovered without a microscope. Some of the guests were these:

1. Mock Turtle (soup). A boy with green cloth slippers on hands and feet, and a green oval cardboard shield on front and back. He wore green trousers and stockings, green tissue-paper hair, and green goggles.

2. Black Bass. A boy in burnt cork dressed like a negro singer. On a card hung about his neck was drawn a bar of music showing "bass" notes.

3. Duck. A little girl in a white duck dress.

4. Turkey. A boy in a fez and Turkish clothes—orange sash, baggy red jacket and trousers, and pointed shoes. He wore an immense burnt-cork mustache.

5. Game. A girl carried a checker-board under one arm and a pachisi board under the other.

6. Hare. A girl with her "hair" worn long.

7. Pear. Two girls kept hold of hands all the evening.

8. Sole (the fish). A girl wearing a card on which was pasted the picture of a shoe-sole.

9. Whitebait. A boy dressed in white (not duck, however). He carried a short bamboo fish-pole. The hook end of the line was fastened about his neck.

10. Chinaware. A girl in Chinese clothes.

As soon as a guest arrived he was given a numbered sheet and a pencil, and was told to guess—without exchanging hints with his neighbors—what everybody else was supposed to be. The reward for the longest list was an angel-cake, and for the shortest a stick of barber-pole candy, tied with bright green ribbon. Really, there were two dinner-parties that evening, for while the lists were being counted Mrs. Arned served lemonade and crackers.

Jack-Knife and Scissors Party.

THE boys all bring their jack-knives, of course, and the girls their scissors. Other tools and materials, provided by the committee, are a pile of white pine boards knocked from old boxes; a bundle of tissue-paper and crape paper; some cardboard; a pot of glue; some wire, pins, tacks, small nails, and hammers. Rewards are offered to the boy and the girl who at the end of two hours have made the most useful or ingenious articles.

There is a wide range. Wooden spoons, plates,

toothpicks, paper-cutters, dolls, toy boats and sleds, statuettes (!), window-sash supporters, and tabourettes; tissue-paper lanterns, mats, valentines, bouquets, and dresses for some of the wooden dolls; these form only a partial list of the result of one such contest. Ingenious Juniors will delight in inventing new and astonishing effects in both paper and wood. "The American Boy's Handy Book" and "The American Girl's Handy Book" would be suitable rewards. After their arduous toil the workers will appreciate a lunch of sandwiches, fruit, and lemonade. The articles made may be either given to some charitable institution or saved for a Christmas tree or fair given by the Juniors. The latter plan will generally prove more desirable, as only a few of the articles would be as suitable for inmates of any one institution as they would be for those of private homes.

Reception at Curlycue Castle.

INVITE the Juniors to a reception at Curlycue Castle, giving date, hour, and street address, but no other particulars. When they arrive, they are introduced to the Queen—or King—of the Curlycues. This important personage is dressed in a more or less fantastic costume, in which the most conspicuous feature is profuse ringlets made of lovely light golden shavings; and carries a sceptre or wand, which in explaining the games, etc., is waved about in a style full of curves and curls, peculiarly its own.

The Juniors are suitably welcomed, and in a brief

address the habits and customs of the singular, newly discovered race of people called Curlycues are explained to them, and they are informed that for the next two or three hours they are to consider themselves as belonging to the same race. Each is furnished with a long shaving curl, which badge of honor the newly made Curlycue, whether girl or boy, is expected to wear throughout the occasion.

Tell them the Curlycues are expert in shooting at a mark—whether they always hit it or not; that they have been much troubled by certain small wild animals called "excuses" which are found in the woods about the castle; and that occasionally these animals become so bold that they make themselves great nuisances, creeping into the castle itself, and hindering the Curlycues about their work and study. Then call all the Curlycues to an excuse-hunt.

In a large unfurnished room have a target almost half covering one side of the room. Have it prepared in advance with drawings of a number of comical faces, each plainly labelled with the name of some foolish excuse, such as "I didn't think," "He dared me to," "Just this once," "No one will know," "She did it first," "He began it," "I don't want to," "I'm afraid," "Wait till to-morrow," "In a minute," "By and by," "I forgot," "I can't." Truly a formidable array! Of course it should be explained that the most of these are entire strangers to the Juniors, but as Curlycues they are privileged to hunt them out and shoot them on the spot.

Each hunter is supplied with a bow and three arrows, and is told to see how many excuses he can dispose of. Some excuses count more than others in the score. This may be arranged at the discretion of the Junior superintendent. For instance, each excuse might count five, except "I forgot" and "Wait till to-morrow," each of which might count ten. If a hunter has shot a certain excuse, it does not debar the rest from having a try at the same one if they wish. As in real life, each excuse may have to be killed several times over. The Curlycue who scores the most with his three trials is the winner.

After all have had a chance, and the excuses are pretty well disposed of, the children will enjoy a "Curlycue drawing-contest." Give them paper and pencils, and tell them each to draw a Curlycue ; that is, it must be explained, a single line about two inches long containing one or more crooks or curves. Exchange the papers, and let each draw a picture, using in it the line already drawn. Twenty minutes, or a half-hour, if preferred, may be the time-limit. A small reward may then be given for the best drawing.

A lively piano march now calls the Curlycues to their feet. They form in single file, and follow their leader in a very whimsical and circuitous march, finally bringing up at the dining-room, where crullers or other "curly" cakes are served, with milk or lemonade. Or the cakes might be flat, with chocolate, pink, or white icing decorated with "Curlycues" in another color.

"Polly Pitcher" Social.

This is a missionary "jug-breaking" in which the mite-boxes, in the form of tiny gilded jugs or pitchers, are all fastened to various portions of an imposing rag or pillow doll, the size of a grown person, if possible, named "Polly Pitcher." Polly is fond of jewelry, and wears bracelets, necklace, earrings, and even a nose-ring, all composed of the mite-boxes.

As the Juniors know well for what purpose they have been saving, this is a time for rejoicing and merrymaking rather than for set speeches. After "Polly" has been despoiled of her treasures there may be, in another room, a game of "Polly Pitcher bean-bag." This is the way it is arranged:

Have three bean-bags, two of them four inches; the other, five inches, square; a hoop fifteen inches in diameter, wound with ribbon; suspend this hoop from the ceiling by a ribbon loop tied to one side, from which you are to hang a small bell so that it will swing in the centre of the hoop.

Each Junior in turn is the "pitcher," and in this case the bell is "Polly." The player takes the three bags, and throws them successively through the hoop, trying not to disturb "Polly," who will be sure to protest every time that she is hit. The two smaller bags are thrown first, then the larger one. Whenever the player succeeds in throwing a bag through the hoop without disturbing "Polly" it counts ten; that is, if the bag is one of the smaller ones. If it is the large

one, it counts twenty. Whenever Polly lets it be known that she is disturbed, it takes off five from the pitcher's score.

If there is time, other favorite games of the Juniors may be introduced. But usually it will be found that a belle Polly is fascinating enough to divide the honors about equally with her bejewelled namesake, and that by the time the refreshments are over and the size of the missionary fund is announced, the social may close with a few of the Juniors' brightest songs.

House-Book.

WHEN my sister was a little girl, she had one play that always gave her unfailing delight. It was her "house-book" as she called it, and I am sure the Juniors, especially the younger ones, would enjoy the fascinating play-work as much as she did, and the "houses" thus concocted might be given to a children's hospital, where they would serve as fairy palaces for the tired little sufferers to dwell in.

The brown cover of Daisy's house-book was nothing ornamental; in fact, the book, to begin with, was a more or less blank one that had already served its purpose in some commercial capacity. But that did not matter. You opened it to the first page, and saw the front of the house, outside, with its piazza and lawn. A hammock was swung somewhere,—I forget whether it was on the lawn or the piazza,—and some very distinguished-looking paper-doll people were going up

the steps. Then you turned over the leaf, and found yourself in the parlor, with rug, chairs, and little tables, a piano, and all complete. Each page was a room. Going on, you visited in turn the library, dining-room, kitchen, and, I think, hall and stairs; then you took a peep into several sleeping-rooms, and of course the most important room in the house was the playroom, with two children in it, and toys of various kinds and sizes, scattered about. Generally speaking, the furnishings were in remarkably good proportion and well arranged; but the house lacked a cellar. Perhaps it was in Florida, where cellars are seldom indulged in.

A house-book can be made as simple or as elaborate as one desires. Pantries, cellar, china-closets, linen-closets, and attic might all be included; and one could put a cheery-looking cook in the kitchen and a trim maid with a ruffled apron in the dining-room, besides a large family of children and the father and mother, and, if you like, the grandfather and grandmother too. With such a wealth of pictures to choose from as can be found in the different papers and advertising sheets, very little need be left to the imagination. By all means set the Juniors to making house-books, and by the time they have real houses of their own to furnish, or even before, they will have acquired a very good idea of what is needed and where to put it.

A Parlor Athletic Meet.

SEND the Juniors an invitation reading somewhat like this :

"You are invited to enter one or all of the athletic events of the Parlor Athletic Club, on Wednesday evening, November third, at 65 Sycamore Street. Everybody will break training at the end of the meet.

"BERTRAND C. FROST, *Field Marshal.*

"*October twenty-fifth, 1903.*"

As each guest enters the front door, the scorer should put down the guest's name, number it, and pin on his back a plainly numbered card. As he enters the parlor or dining-room, a paper and pencil should be given to him. The events should be plainly listed on a blackboard. The announcer should say : "Will each competitor please write his number at the head of his sheet, and under this the numbers, but not the names, of the events which he means to enter? The more entries, the better. Hand your sheets to me."

Four judges (grown people are the best) can quickly make lists of the people entering each event. Then the announcer should clear the field, and the events should begin as promptly as possible. The following list may be too long :

1. Taking the largest bite from an apple hung by a string. The hands of the competitor must be held behind his back.
2. Holding the breath the longest without laughing.
3. Balancing a cane on one finger the longest.

4. Throwing bean-bags into a hole cut in a board. Fifteen feet is a good distance. Each competitor should be allowed five bags.

5. Laughing in the most original manner.

6. A tickling-match. Two competitors should each be given a feather. One hand must be held behind the back. An eight-foot circle is drawn. The winner is he or she who stays the longer in the circle without making a sound.

7. Hand-wrestling. Two people stand opposite each other, with legs braced, and grasp each a hand, holding the other hand behind them. The point is to jerk or pull your opponent in such a manner that he is forced to move one of his feet.

8. Standing on one foot, on a chair, the longest. The right arm must be held up straight, and not supported.

9. Sitting down on the floor, and getting up again most gracefully. The arms must be folded.

10. Thrusting a cane through a swinging napkin-ring. The fewest thrusts count the most.

11. Running up-stairs in the quickest time. Every stair must be used.

12. "Putting" the balloon. The competitor must stand in a seven-foot circle, or come up to a line from not more than seven feet back, and "put" a toy balloon as far ahead as possible. The distance must be measured from the spot on the floor or ceiling where the balloon first strikes, to the middle of the putting-edge of the circle or of the putting-line.

13. Bending over and touching the ground with the palms of both hands. The knees must not be bent. The point is to go over as many times as possible.

Three places should be counted in each event. A first place should score three points; a second place, two points; a third place, one point. The largest reward should be given to the boy or girl having the largest total score. Be sure to give rewards that either a boy or a girl would like, for girls have a way of winning them when they have a good chance.

A Tropical Fair.

For decorations use the graceful Florida moss if it can be procured; if not, tissue-paper orange blossoms are pretty. Palms and similar potted plants may be placed here and there. Have a pond made of a large mirror with the frame covered with foliage, and in or on the pond should be a number of pond-lily needle-books and penwipers; these the Juniors can easily make of white and green cloth for petals and leaves, with bits of yellow wool in the centre. There may also be in the pond some frog-shaped and alligator-shaped boxes made of wood with the bark left on for the alligators, and finished in both cases to look as lifelike as possible.

In the centre or at one side of the room have an orange grove. The oranges are various small articles, each wrapped in a wad of cotton, made as nearly round as possible, covered with orange-colored tissue-paper and tied with a green string to the evergreen trees com-

posing the grove. Each purchaser is to select the orange he prefers, paying a trifle for it.

Besides the pond and the orange grove there may be a lemonade-well profusely decked with foliage, a booth where real oranges and other tropical fruits are sold, another booth for cake and candies, one for fancy-work, one for flowers, and a special one for fans, all having suggestions of the tropics about them. If the orange scheme is to predominate, the fancy-work booth should be filled with articles made in shades of orange, and the cakes, candies, and ices may be flavored with orange; the booths may be draped in orange and white, and the girls in charge of them should wear white dresses with orange ribbons. In the grove should be seats and small tables where refreshments can be served as ordered.

This will be found no more trouble to prepare, on the whole, than most ordinary fairs, and is much prettier.

Washington's Birthday.

In Miss Alcott's "Jack and Jill" are described several good tableaux taken from scenes in the life of Washington. The cherry-tree episode is delightful; Washington crossing the Delaware, exciting; and the "Daughters of Liberty," the "Surrender of Cornwallis," the pathetic camp scene, "Washington at Trenton," the Washington family, and the simulated statue of the "Minuteman," all very effective. The detailed description would take too much space here,

but the book is to be found in most libraries; and, even if it is not obtainable, the subjects may prove suggestive, and are all within the ability of children or quite young people.

Many, however, will prefer games. Did you ever play "cherry-tree blind man's buff"? For this you will want twenty or more candied cherries, and an impromptu cherry-tree, which may be the bough of an evergreen placed upright in a flower-pot or a box. Tie the cherries to the branches with bits of silk thread a few inches long. Blindfold the Juniors one at a time; turn the blindfolded one around three times; give him a pair of scissors; and tell him to clip all the cherries he can from the tree, allowing him three minutes for the trial. He must not feel for the tree with his hands, but simply reach out with the scissors and clip where he thinks the cherries are. A little box of candied fruit is given as a reward to the one who succeeded in clipping the most cherries.

On one occasion of this kind the "yarn-spinning contest" described originally in the "spinning social" of "Eighty Pleasant Evenings" was included, the guests each trying to tell the most improbable story. But instead of the most successful story-teller's being honored with the title of "fibmaster-general," the reward was quite unexpectedly presented to the one who had told the *poorest* story, on the ground that Washington was a poor hand at telling stories and to be like him is a mark of patriotism worthy of reward.

"Burying the hatchet" is suggestive of all sorts of

peaceful things, but is in reality quite a lively contest. Divide the company into two sections. Have ready one of the little hatchet-shaped candy-boxes, to be had at most confectioners' about February 22. One division of the Juniors leaves the room; the other division hides the hatchet; and the outside party returns, and tries in five guesses to locate it. If successful, their side wins a point; if not, they win nothing. The two divisions change places, the first hiders of the hatchet going out of the room and becoming the guessers. Each side has three turns, alternating in this way. The side which has then won most points receives the hatchet filled with bonbons.

A "Washington quiz" historic in character, might be included, with such questions as the following:

1. In what State was Washington born?
2. In what year was he born?
3. Did George attend any college?
4. Who sent him on his famous journey through the wilderness?
5. What position did he hold under Braddock?
6. How did he act when complimented first on his military service?
7. In what year was he made commander-in-chief of the Continental army?
8. Where did he spend the winter of 1777?
9. When was he elected president?
10. How long did he hold the presidency?
11. Where did he die?
12. Did he hold slaves?
13. Did he approve of slavery?
14. What became of his slaves after their master's death?

15. By whom was he called "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"?

ANSWERS.—1. Virginia. 2. 1732. 3. No. 4. Governor Dinwiddie. 5. Aide-de-camp. 6. Blushed, stammered, and could not speak. 7. 1775. 8. Valley Forge. 9. 1789. 10. For two terms of four years each. 11. At Mount Vernon. 12. Yes. 13. No. 14. They were set free. 15. Henry Lee, in a resolution presented in the House of Representatives.

Little paper flags tinted red, white, and blue were used in one such test, the questions being written upon the reverse side.

For refreshments, serve lemonade with canned cherries dropped into it, and fancy crackers or cakes in the form of little hatchets.

For the First of April.

PERHAPS one of the Juniors has a printing-press; if so, this is a good chance to use it.

Print hand bills asking "all the wise people" in town to come to your entertainment to be given the evening of April 1, naming the hall and the price of admission.

Tickets should be distributed when asked for; as the hand-bills should announce, the tickets of admission are to be at a certain price, payable at the door as you go out, after the entertainment is over. This plan is in keeping with the rest of the evening, and is also partly to reassure any who suspect that an April First entertainment might be so complete a hoax as not to take place at all.

Have a poster at the entrance of the hall, warning every one, "Who enters here must leave all sense behind."

The decorations are truly unique. Rugs, strips of carpets, and an occasional chair ornament the walls, while pictures and posters are hung up on the floor. A curtain might be gracefully draped along the floor of the platform. Everything, as far as possible, is in the place usually assigned to something else.

Programmes printed all sides up with care, and as unexpected in typographical arrangement as the furnishings, should be handed around. The announcement at the top of the page should be in small type, the rest in larger size; the margin should vary in width from line to line, each paragraph beginning at the edge of the sheet; and every sentence must begin with a period and end with a capital. The Juniors, with a little suggestion now and then, will find this part of the work great fun, and will learn some things regarding correct rules of printing in the very effort to break them.

The first thing on the programme is, of course, the good-night speech, thanking the audience for their kind attention and generous applause, and inviting them, before leaving, to partake of refreshments. The menus that are then passed may contain all sorts of possible and impossible dishes, but the refreshments themselves must be always something widely different from what was ordered. For instance, if one orders quail on toast, coffee, and layer cake, he is likely to

get a cheese sandwich, a pickle, and a glass of water, with the grave assurance that these dishes were exactly the ones that he ordered.

After the refreshments the programme is rendered. "A recitation by little Edith Jones" proves to be some time-honored selection like "Mary had a little lamb," or "You'd scarce expect one of my age," recited in a childish lisp and high key, by the largest, tallest boy in the society; in fact, one of the seniors may have to be called upon for this honor, as he should be, if possible, more than six feet tall. "A patriotic address by General Wynhart" should be, on the contrary, a particularly captivating dialogue or duet by two pretty little girls, or a motion song by several tiny tots. "A violin solo by Signor Grateforio" is a song by a quartette. "A bass solo, 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep,' by Professor Rorer," should be a little girl's lullaby to her doll, very soft and sweet. "Grand chorus by four hundred voices" may be a violin solo. And so with the whole programme, ending with the address of welcome. Aim to have many really fine numbers, but see to it that every one is something unexpected.

As the people go out, the spirit of fun will have so thoroughly taken possession of them that it will be a wonder if there are no buttons or similar treasures offered as the price of admission, or rather of escape; but not many would be so mean, and then it need not be accepted, for, when asked, every one will be obliged to admit that he has had his quarter's worth of fun.

Letter Social.

LABEL each Junior with a letter on his arrival. This may be done by having ready in advance small cards, each with a letter plainly painted on it and with a ribbon loop attached, to be pinned on the dress or hung around the neck. In preparing the letters omit V, X, and Z, and make several copies apiece of the letters in most common use.

First, the Juniors may see what words they can form by grouping themselves according to their letters. For instance, a Junior labelled with F goes and finds one with O, and together they have made one word, "of"; then these two group themselves with a third labelled R, and by rearranging the order they have "for"; then by finding successively T, H, and U, they have "fort," "forth," and "fourth," etc. No group may discard a letter once accepted, nor add one that will not make a correctly spelled word, but they may rearrange the order of their letters as often as they wish. At the end of a stated time the group that has the longest word has won the game, which might be known as "word-building."

Another letter contest, with the same labels, is perhaps still more interesting. It is called the "Alphabetical Question Game." One of the Juniors asks another a question. The answer must begin with the letter worn by the one replying, and must be given before the questioner can count ten slowly and distinctly. If the one questioned fails to reply in time,

or starts his reply with a wrong letter, the questioner takes his letter from him and adds it to his own. All players supplied with one or more letters may go about asking questions in this way, but two must not question the same player at once, and no one may give the same answer twice. A player may answer from any of the letters that he is wearing; and, if a player loses his only letter, he is supplied with another, but not more than twice. When time is up, the player having the most letters is the winner.

A game of "letter tag" is one in which the vowels all chase the consonants. Each Junior wearing a vowel is given a particular corner for his "den." There is also a general goal. At a signal the vowels start in pursuit of the consonants, all circling the room in the same direction. Those consonants that escape to the goal without being overtaken are safe for the first run; those tagged are obliged to return with their captors to the respective "dens" and remain there until the end of the game. After a certain number of these runs the vowel that has captured the most consonants is pronounced Czar, or Czarina, as the case may be. But this is not all. The players remain where they are. Paper and a pencil are given to each vowel, and the one that can make the longest list of words, using only his own letter and his captive consonants, is the final winner, and receives the reward.

By this time both vowels and consonants will be ready for refreshments, which may consist of lemonade and fancy alphabet crackers, or cakes with let-

tered icing. A few songs and recitations may be introduced to add variety; and a pleasing exercise for the close would be "The Juniors' Message to All," given as follows:

Select eight of the Juniors who are rather slender, about the same height, and dressed in white. Take off their labels. Placing a large screen temporarily before them, or closing the sliding doors between them and their expectant audience, arrange them in front of a dark curtain or other background in such positions that they will themselves form letters of white, spelling a short word easily recognized. It is not very difficult, but you will need to experiment a little. For the first letter, one Junior stands facing the audience for the upright part, another sits on the floor just behind, facing the right; for the second letter, two Juniors curve themselves as completely as possible around a hoop which they both hold, the open part toward the audience; for the third, two stand leaning away from each other, with hands or a string tightly clasped to keep from falling; for the fourth, the same arrangement as the first except that the standing Junior reaches one arm straight out at the side, toward the right of the audience, and the seated one also reaches one arm partly out in the same direction. Remove the screen when you have them arranged to your satisfaction, and the other children will recognize, in living letters of white, the word "LOVE," which is the Juniors' message to all.

The Tuffet and the Web

A Fantasy in Two Acts and Two Scenes

By Vincent Van Marter Beede

"Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey.
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

People of the Play

Little Miss Muffet, *Queen of the Meadow.*
The Black Spider.
The Fly.
The Cricket.
The Wise Mole.
Three Field-Mice.
Six Little Dairymaids.
Three Elves, *boys.*
Three Sprites, *girls.*
Six Rabbits, *three boys and three girls.*

Act I.—The Meadow.
Act II.—The Spider's Web.

(*A constant undertone of music throughout the whole play.*)

Costumes

LITTLE MISS MUFFET: A dainty little girl of ten, with long hair and a daisy garland. Short frock of white or sky-blue, bare legs, and socks to match the frock. White slippers.

SPIDER: A stout boy of twelve, in tight-fitting, shiny black from head to foot. Jet ornaments sewed here and there. Black mittens. Swarthy face, black beard, large smoked goggles, top-hat, the worse for wear.

FLY: A slim boy of nine, in tight green clothes. A long-tailed coat, with brass buttons, green long hose, green slippers, rainbow wings. The wings can be made much as a kite is made. A green skull-cap.

CRICKET: A boy of the same age as the Fly, but a trifle larger. Plain loose black jacket and loose knickerbockers, black shoes, black skull-cap, brown wings. There should be brown patches here and there, as if the fellow were poor.

MOLE: A boy of twelve, in gray—very dark gray—flannel knickerbockers and a gray cloak. Spectacles, fur cap, shovel under one arm.

FIELD-MICE: Boys smaller than the Mole. Brown, loose-fitting jackets and knickerbockers, torn black stockings, black tails (cloth wound over rope).

DAIRYMAIDS: Six little girls from ten to twelve, in low-necked white frocks. Bare arms. White stockings, mob-caps and aprons.

ELVES: Boys from eight to ten, in tightly fitting

clothes. One boy in red, another in white, another in blue. Long hose. Pointed caps, cloth over cardboard. Wide sashes to match the costumes.

SPRITES: Girls of the same ages as the Elves. Short frocks, low neck, short sleeves. Colors of frocks: yellow, violet, and orange. Garlands of wild-flowers, gold and silver wands.

RABBITS: Girls and boys of the same ages as the fairies. Boys.—Loose, light-gray flannel jackets and knickerbockers, and hoods with long ears which either stand up straight or stand out at right angles. They can be stiffened with little bamboo sticks. Short gray tails. White stockings. Girls.—White flannel hoods, ears, jackets, skirts, and stockings.

Scenery

ACT I. Back scene to represent a blue sky. A green carpet should be spread, and over it grass or hay should be scattered. The tuffet is a tiny stool made of rough wood; or the stool may be a handsome gilded one, with a cushion of yellow silk. The Spider should let himself down from a beam which the audience cannot see. Great care should be taken that the beam is strong, and the rope securely fastened to the beam and about the Spider's waist.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Meadow. Music. A birthday party in honor of* LITTLE MISS MUFFET, *who at the rise of the curtain is discovered on her tuffet, centre.*

Left, a number of baskets. Dance of the SIX LITTLE DAIRYMAIDS.

MUFFET (*when the dance is done*). That was a beautiful dance, dear friends. Thank you ever so much. I notice that the four-o'clocks at my feet are opening, so that it is time for our guests to arrive.

FIRST DAIRYMAID. How fortunate that there are no ugly black clouds in the sky!

MUFFET. Please, please do not use the word "black" any oftener than you cannot help. It reminds me of that horrible, crawly, eight-legged creature who lives in a—ugh!—in a web!

SECOND DAIRYMAID. Pardon me, Miss Muffet, but is it true that the Sp—— I mean that this creature dropped down from a tree the other day and asked you to be his Queen, and live in his—den?

MUFFET. Yes, yes, of course, it's true; but change the subject, I beg of you. (*Enter, left,* FLY; *right,* CRICKET. *They advance toward* MUFFET, *glowering angrily at each other. Each kisses a hand of* MUFFET *at the same moment.*) I am so glad you could come, both of you.

FLY (*pointing at* CRICKET). What is *he* here for, I'd like to know?

CRICKET (*pointing at* FLY). And what is *he* here for, pray?

MUFFET. O, I do hope you won't quarrel—to-day, especially. I think a great deal of you both; don't I, Dairymaids?

DAIRYMAIDS. Of course you do!

FLY. That's the worst news I could possibly hear, Miss Muffet. Do you mean to say that you like that plain black fellow better than you do me? Why, just look at my wings! I really think you might choose me as your King of the Meadow!

CRICKET. How can you listen to such talk, Miss Muffet? That Fly is nothing but a vain popinjay, strutting and buzzing around! *He* can't sing. I'm the right kind of King for you, every time!

FLY (*angrily*). Bzzzzzzzzzz!

CRICKET. There! Did you ever hear a more disagreeable racket?

MUFFET (*covering her face with her hands*). O, what shall I do? My birthday party is being spoiled!

DAIRYMAIDS (*covering their faces with their hands*). Yes, her party is being spoiled!

(CRICKET *and* FLY *disdainfully fold their arms, and turn their backs on each other. Music. Enter, right, in a dignified manner,* WISE MOLE *and* THREE FIELD-MICE. *They bow low before* MISS MUFFET.)

MUFFET. How glad I am to see you, Wise Mole, and you dear counsellors, the Field-Mice! What should I do without you all to guide me when I get into trouble?

MOLE. You have evidently been weeping, my dear Queen—and on your birthday, too! What dreadful

thing can have happened? (*Looking about uneasily.*) Surely you have not seen the black Spider again?

MUFFET AND DAIRYMAIDS. O, no, no, no!

MOLE. Tell me about it, whatever it may be.

MUFFET. Why, I cannot make up my mind which I would prefer for a husband—the Cricket, or the Fly. One has a beautiful song; the other, beautiful wings. They are both angry, and insist on knowing which one shall sit upon the tuffet with me.

(MOLE *and* FIELD-MICE *put their heads together.*)

MOLE. It is our opinion that the tuffet is not big enough for more than one person, so that neither the Fly nor the Cricket can claim your hand. Come, be friends! (*Putting the hands of the rivals together. They shake hands not very cordially, while the* DAIRYMAIDS *applaud.*)

MUFFET. O goody—goody! Now we can go on in peace! (*Music. Enter, left,* RABBITS; *right,* FAIRIES. MUFFET *stands up on her tuffet, and kisses her hands to the newcomers.* CRICKET, *right;* FLY, *left;* MOLE *and* FIELD-MICE *right of stage.*) Welcome to my meadow and my party!

DAIRYMAIDS. Welcome! Welcome!

(*Music. Dance of the* FAIRIES *and the* RABBITS. *The* DAIRYMAIDS *stand in a row at rear, clapping time.*)

MUFFET (*seating herself when the dance is over*). Sit down, my dear guests, and have some of the curds and whey which the dear Dairymaids have provided.

(*Music. The* DAIRYMAIDS *take out from their baskets, left, spoons, bowls, and jars of curds and whey. They serve* MUFFET *first. Rumbling, thundering music.* SPIDER *lets himself down directly over* MUFFET *by means of his "thread" (rope), and lands at side of Queen, whom he tries to embrace.* MUFFET *and all her guests jump up, screaming. Stampede, left.* SPIDER, *quite deserted, seats himself on the tuffet. Low music.*)

SPIDER (*untying the "thread" from his body. The thread is drawn upward, out of sight*). I'll have her yet! She's a pretty little thing. I'm bound that she shall sit in my parlor and spin for me all day long! My web shall be the largest and silkiest in the wide world. I have no time for spinning. I would much rather be eating nice fat flies. I'm hungry for one at this moment. Ah, but I saw a dainty specimen standing at Miss Muffet's side. Burrrrrooooo! I'm furious to think that the Queen and her guests have escaped me! (FAIRIES *peep out, laughing.*) Who dares to laugh at Me, the King of the Web? (*The* FAIRIES *dart out on stage, right.*)

FIRST ELF. You're it for tag, Spider, old boy!

(*Exeunt* FAIRIES, *right. Spider gives chase. Enter cautiously, left,* MUFFET *carrying her bowl of curds and whey, and* FLY. MUFFET *seats herself on her tuffet, looking about fearfully.*)

MUFFET. Has the horrid thing really gone away?

FLY (*protectingly, but stammering with fright*). Of c-c-course, Miss Muffet, I-I will pro-protect you. (*He tries to sit on the tuffet.*)

MUFFET. No, my dear Fly, there is room for only one on the tuffet, you know.

FLY. How can I show my great love for you, my Queen of the Meadow?

MUFFET. By slaying the wicked black Spider, who has devoured so many of your relatives, to say nothing of dragon-flies, caterpillars, and—crickets.

FLY (*drawing his dagger*). I'll give battle to the monster at once! I'll slay him single-handed, and wrap him up like a mummy in his own web! Farewell! (*Music.* FLY *kisses the hand of* MUFFET. *Exit* FLY, *right.* MUFFET *goes on eating her curds and whey.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Spider's Web. A dark, dungeon-like room. Straw on floor. Small door at left. Swords and spears hanging on rear wall. Spinning-wheel, centre. From it radiate many strands of web* (*colored string*). *As the curtain rises, the* SPIDER *is spinning at his wheel. Noise of some one coming rapidly up the stairs, left.*

SPIDER (*jumping to his feet*). Hark! An enemy!

(*Takes down sword from wall. Brandishing the weapon, he retreats into a further corner, right, where he squats down. Door bursts open. Enter* FLY *with a drawn sword.*)

FLY. Bzzzzzzzzzz! This is thy last hour, thou foul black Spider fiend!

(*A terrific encounter with swords. The web is partially cut down. Finally* SPIDER *and* FLY *grapple.* SPIDER *puts* FLY *on his back, holds him down, and binds him with web. Just as he picks up his sword and prepares to give* FLY *his death-blow, a great trampling is heard on the stairs, and at a blast from a fairy trumpet enter* CRICKET, *followed by* FAIRIES, RABBITS, MOLE, *and* FIELD-MICE, *all armed to the teeth.*)

CRICKET. At him, my men! And to the rescue of the Fly!

(ELVES *and* RABBITS *throw themselves on* SPIDER, *overcome him, and bind him, hand and foot, in his web. Meanwhile,* SPRITES *release* FLY. *Enter* MISS MUFFET *and* DAIRYMAIDS.)

MUFFET. Poor Fly! To think that I allowed you to attack the black Spider single-handed! I can never forgive myself! I hope that I have sent aid in time! Are you wounded?

FYL. My wings are somewhat snipped; that's all.

MOLE (*holding a sword to the* SPIDER'S *throat*).

Will you promise by your eight legs to spin nothing hereafter but beautiful garments for Little Miss Muffet, Queen of the Meadow?

SPIDER (*in a meek, choked voice*). I promise.

CRICKET. Remember, you are never to spin another web as long as you live! I don't care to have any more of my relatives entrapped.

SPIDER. I promise.

FLY. Do you promise to eat no more flies as long as you live?

SPIDER. I do.

MOLE. Very well, Elves, I appoint you as guards for the black Spider over night. In the morning I will send around two Roosters whom I know. For a reasonable salary of corn I am sure they will consent to keep an eye on him hereafter.

MUFFET. Dear Fly, I like you all the better now that you have so bravely bearded the black Spider in his web. Never again will he attempt to sit beside me! (*Spider groans.*)

CRICKET. But what about me?

MUFFET. As for you, my dear Cricket, I like you just as much as I do the Fly, because you have led the expedition which rescued him and captured that horrid thing. (*Spider groans.*) Now, friends all, let us go back to the meadow, and finish our curds and whey.

(*Music.*)

CURTAIN.

A Barrel Brigade.

In a little Ohio farming community the children of Junior age have many bright plans of work, and one of them is a barrel brigade. That is not what they called it, I think; but the name fits so well that we will let it stand, and I know that many Junior societies will like the plan. Probably some of them are already trying it in one form or another, but for those who have not thought of it here is a new field of usefulness of the kind that brings "that comfortable feeling" both to the workers and to those to whom the barrel is a welcome and sometimes unexpected source of supply.

The particular barrel brigade mentioned meets regularly, either monthly or oftener, on Saturday afternoons, for sewing and other business necessary for their purpose, which is to fill a barrel each year, to be sent to some poor family or families, either near or far, perhaps to some struggling missionary's household where the little ones are more numerous than the ways of providing for them.

From the materials at their disposal the children prepare and put in all kinds of things that they think will add to the comfort of those receiving them. Take an imaginary peep into one of these barrels, and you will see something like the following array—if you dig deep enough!—warm crocheted mittens, babies' socks, hoods, and even shawls; children's clothing, now become too small for some of the rapidly growing first

owners; reading-matter of various kinds; a few toys sprinkled in here and there, not always new, but so carefully repaired by the young carpenters, painters, and seamstresses as to look like new or even better; aprons, holders, and dish-towels; bright home-made rugs, cushions, and even a patchwork quilt, for some of the little girls are as fond as were their grandmothers of cutting calico into little pieces for the sake of sewing it together again. Never mind; this is not so foolish as it may seem, for the quilt is warm, most of the pieces were bits left over from gowns, and surely the old-fashioned "quilting-bee" must have been royal fun for the brigade.

When all else is packed, a generous storekeeper usually contributes several pairs of shoes and rubbers, and other small articles, just to "fill in the chinks." The shoes, of course, are selected, according to sizes previously learned, to fit the different pairs of feet that they are to cover. And, if some larger articles are contributed also, the hearts of the brigade are still further rejoiced.

Any Junior society, whether in city or in country, could have a "barrel brigade," and with very little expense collect and prepare things so useful and appropriate for the particular family or persons that are to receive them that the practical value would prove worth many times the cost. The barrel's contents will vary according to the need, and also according to the materials at hand; but it is hardly necessary to say that food, if at all perishable, should not be in-

cluded if the barrel is to go by freight, as it is likely to be a long time on the way. Clothing, reading-matter, and many other home comforts can be packed and sent with safety.

Parlor Mountain-Climb.

DECORATE the room with such mountain flowers and foliage as can be procured, and order in advance of a stationer enough favors for all the Juniors, each favor, when pulled, to reveal some article of travelling-costume in crape paper or tissue-paper that will suggest mountain-climbing. They might all be odd mountain hats of various colors and kinds, the Alpine predominating; or some of them might be long travelling-cloaks.

For the first half or three-quarters of an hour have a stereopticon talk on the people and scenery of the Alps, giving pictures of Swiss peasants and their cottages, and interspersing story and incident to add to the interest. Follow this with a little appropriate music; a "Swiss bells" instrumental selection and one or two pretty mountain songs like "The Herdsman's Mountain Home" would be good.

Then the Juniors are presented with their "travelling-bags," as the favors may be called, and are told to open them by pulling, and that they will find something to wear while climbing the mountain. When all are dressed for the climb, the preparations are completed by giving each an alpenstock, and arranging several hassocks, cushions, big books, etc., in the

path of the prospective climbers; for the "mountain-climb" proves to be an obstacle race on one foot.

When this part of the fun is over, there may be a written question game, involving more mountains. Here is a list that may prove suggestive:

1. What mountain in Switzerland is a girl's name?
2. What mountain in North Carolina is a favorite relative of most Juniors?
3. What mountains are full of maps?
4. What mountain in Asia is the atmosphere and a small animal?
5. What mountain in Wales was pelted by a storm?
6. What mountain in Massachusetts reminds you of horseback-riding?
7. What peak in Japan is the first syllable of a girl's name and an exclamation?
8. What mountains are household animals and also destroy life?
9. What mountain in the Apennines is something that hurts, and the exclamation it causes?
10. What mountain is a famous university?
11. What mountains in Australia are a kitchen stove in good order?
12. What mountains, if mixed, would make gray?
13. What mountains could blow a loud blast?
14. What hills in England are a kind of cloth?
15. What mountain in Brazil is a musical instrument?
16. What volcano in Sicily becomes a girl's name by changing one letter?

17. What mountains give light at night?
18. What mountain is a Bible character?
19. What mountains mean a pleasant day?
20. What mountain makes a noise like a college yell?
21. On what mountain did you eat your dinner?
22. What Irish mountains are very sad?
23. What mountain in Oregon is worn on the head?
24. What mountain belongs to the baby?
25. What mountains in Spain are a good kind of soap?
26. What mountain in Palestine is a balm?
27. What mountains in Texas could take a scalp?
28. What mountains are dangerous to boats?

Following are the answers:

1. Rosa.
2. Grandfather.
3. Atlas.
4. Ararat.
5. Snowdon.
6. Saddleback.
7. Jesso.
8. Catskill.
9. Corno.
10. Harvard.
11. Black Range.
12. Black and White.
13. Big Horn.
14. Cheviot.
15. Organ.
16. Etna. (Edna.)
17. Mountains of the Moon.
18. St. Elias.
19. Fairweather.
20. Hooper. (Whooper.)
21. Table.
22. Mourne.
23. Mt. Hood.
24. Cradle.
25. Castile.
26. Gilead.
27. Apache.
28. Rocky.

To the Junior who has answered the most questions correctly a reward may be given, perhaps some pretty little article of Swiss workmanship, a set of the Perry Pictures comprising mountain views, or a book containing a good story of mountain life.

Refreshments served in picnic style may be sandwiches, and berries supposed to have been "picked on the mountains." Close the evening with singing.

Rainbow Social.

AFTER a missionary meeting let the Juniors decide what missionary or mission field they would like to help; then give to each a mite-box marked with his own name, to hold missionary pennies. Some months afterward, have your "rainbow social."

Collect the missionary mite-boxes a few days before, and except on the bottom, where the name is written, they may be gilded to suggest still further the pot of gold to be found at the end of the rainbow.

The room where the social is to be held should be decorated with tissue-paper in rainbow colors. Each Junior should have a rainbow chain, made of the same material, hung around his neck. The refreshments should have the rainbow colors, too—oranges, apples, olives, variegated ice-cream, etc. The "rainbow" feature may be carried out in another way by asking each one present to tell one bright story or happening, or sing a verse of some bright song, or recite something cheering.

Tell the Juniors the story of the pot of fairy gold supposed to be at the end of every rainbow. Then have your "rainbow hunt," arranged with ribbons as in the "red-line jubilee," except that the ribbons are of rainbow colors, and at each end is discovered one of their old friends, the mite-boxes, transformed into a treasure of shining gold. The Juniors may exchange them, if they wish, among themselves, until each one has his own; then they are broken and the "gold" inside counted separately and all together. Close the social with a bright missionary song, and later, after devoting the money to the object determined upon, tell the Juniors as much as possible of just how it was used, and why it must have seemed to those receiving it like "fairy gold" indeed. By this time the Juniors' interest in missions will probably be so enthusiastic that they will want to try it all over again.

Handkerchief Gymnastics.

THERE are still many girls, even in these hygienic times, who are not fortunate enough to attend schools that have gymnasiums. For these the Junior girls may like to help organize a class for the practice of handkerchief gymnastics. The writer has made a thorough test of every one of these exercises before recommending them, and knows them to be of practical benefit. They are similar to those practised daily at Cornell University.

More breath means more life, and some of these

exercises are especially good to promote deep breathing. Let each girl come provided with a large handkerchief and a gymnasium suit, which is easily adapted from an old dress having a loose blouse; nothing but the skirt will require change.

Standing erect on the ball of the foot, grasp the handkerchief by diagonally opposite corners, so that the hands will be about an arm's length from each other. At the beginning and end of each exercise the handkerchief is to be only lightly stretched. A towel may be used instead of the handkerchief if that should be preferred, holding it by the ends instead of by the corners.

The following directions will show the different positions to be taken. Do not overdo the matter; some of the little girls will require frequent rests, and some will be eager to go on; hence it is sometimes well to divide them into classes. While most of these positions are easily understood from the directions, a few are more difficult to describe in words. We illustrate certain ones.

1. Arms extended straight forward, on a level with shoulder.

2. From position 1 bend the arms, and rise onto the toes. Extend the arms and sink back from the toes. Repeat from five to ten times. This exercise is especially adapted to produce deep breathing. The mouth must be kept closed.

3. From position 1 bend the left leg at the knee, and raise it till it touches the towel. Same with right leg.

4. From position 1 extend the left leg sideways and swing the arms to the left. Return to position 1.

5. Arms raised high above the head.

6. From position 5 bend the body at the hips, and lean as far forward as possible, the body and the arms remaining in a straight line, the head raised slightly, and the weight of the body resting on the toes.

7. From position 5 bend and extend the knees, keeping the body upright.

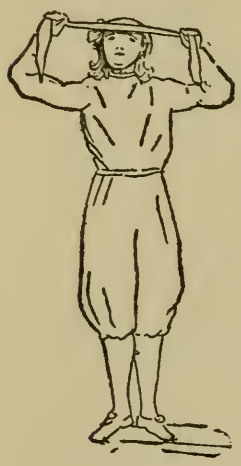
8. From position 5 bend the left arm, and lower sideways the right one, which is extended. The towel passes across the back. The left hand holds the upper end of the towel back of the upper part of the arm, close to the shoulder. Raise the arms back to position and repeat to the left, the right arm being bent and left extended.

9. Arms lowered in front of the body.

10. From position 9 twist the body to the left, the feet remaining unmoved, and at the same time raise the arms, keeping them extended, until they are high above the head. In the same way repeat the exercise, turning the body to the right.

11. From position 5 bend the body forward,

swinging the extended arms as low as possible without bending the knees.



12. Towel directly in front of the forehead, the head and elbows back.

13. From position 12, with toes apart, charge forward with the left foot, keeping the right knee straight, bringing the weight on the forward foot; return to position by rising on the toes of the forward foot and giving a slight spring.

14. From position 5 swing the arms forward, bending the body at the hips and bending the knees. The feet, with toes apart, remain with the soles flat on the floor; the arms rest on the knees; and the towel is near the floor directly in front of the feet and as far forward as possible.

15. From position 9 the left arm, bent, is raised over the head in order to raise the towel upward directly behind the back. The right arm remains extended downward. The towel is raised by bending the right arm and extending the left.

After raising and lowering the towel some five times reverse the process, the right arm bending above the head and the left arm extending downward. Finally the towel moves up and down behind the back, while deep breath is taken and held.

When the exercises are once learned, they are the best of tonics, and all the more exhilarating if done to music when the class is together. The children should also be encouraged to practise them regularly at home for perhaps five minutes just after the daily sponge-bath. The older ones especially, whose increased school studies are beginning to suggest round shoulders, will find the plan a great help. Their lessons will be learned more quickly and easily because with the blood in active circulation the brain will be clearer.

Bird Social.

CHOOSE a pleasant, sunny room for your bird social, deck it with green boughs and foliage, and provide places for a number of cages. Invite the Juniors all to come, and ask those that have canaries or other pet birds in cages to bring them. Of course this social must be held in the daytime, and in mild if not warm weather. If the moving is done gently, the birds will enjoy the social as much as the Juniors, or even more, and you will have a gay concert. Let some experienced bird-owner give a little talk to the Juniors on the best ways of caring for their birds. It will be likely to save the life of some feathered songster, for

not every one, however careful and tender-hearted, understands just how to keep the pets happy and healthy, as birds should be when at their best.

It may interest the Juniors to know that one of King Edward's latest fancies is improving the singing of English canaries. He has had fitted up in Windsor Castle a large aviary to which hundreds of English canaries have been sent. Here bird-trainers from Germany are busy improving the voice of the English canary by means of "bird-organs" and the suggestion found in hearing the better-voiced German canary sing. The birds pass through a regular course of singing-lessons, and take from three to six months to "finish."

After the talk about caring for birds, which should be so informal that the children should feel free to ask questions, a little fun is introduced in the way of a bird-guessing game, conducted as follows :

Write on a blackboard, or blackboards, part or all of these twenty-four questions, which are plays on the names of well-known American birds. The guests should be provided with paper and pencils. Half an hour should be allowed for the guessing. At the end of that time everybody should pass his list to his right-hand neighbor and correct the list which has been handed to him. Some one should read the answers slowly.

1. The way some English people pronounce a word which means "yell." (Owl—howl.)

2. A letter of the alphabet. (Jay—J.)

3. The bird that chews its cud. (Cowbird.)

4. A bad-tempered William. (Crossbill.)

5. The royal bird that is fond of a hook and line. (Kingfisher.)

6. A good time in a field. (Meadow-lark.)

7. The bird that ought to win every race. (Swift.)

8. The bird that is like a baby before it can walk. (Creeper.)

9. The bird that Yale ought to like. (Blue-bird.)

10. The bird that whacks everybody. (Thrasher.)

11. The bird that is almost as important as the Pope. (Cardinal.)

12. The bird that you mustn't stroke the wrong way. (Catbird.)

13. The bird that is "talk." (Chat.)

14. The bird that you never ought to do just because you have beaten your friend at checkers or something. (Crow.)

15. An unusually small sample of a well known vegetable. (Peewee—pea wee.)

16. A bird that is almost "her glove." (Hermit.)

17. A bird that can fly when there is plenty of wind. (Kite.)

18. Where bread is baked. (Ovenbird.)

19. Something found on a tree and then put in a nest for a certain purpose. (Nuthatch.)

20. A bird that is always thieving. (Robin—rob-bin'.)

21. A bird that makes good coasting. (Snowbird.)

22. A bird that spanks an unfortunate boy having a common first name. (Whip-poor-will.)

23. The bird that is a sweet-smelling tree. (Cedar-bird.)

24. The sparrow that the hounds like to chase. (Fox-sparrow.)

Most of the time will be spent in comparing experiences and pets, and the Juniors will go away more than ever resolved to be kind to their little feathered friends, which are among the most beautiful and most helpless of God's creatures.

A Fairy Strawberry Festival.

A STRAWBERRY luncheon given at the summer home of one of my Chicago friends reminded me that the Juniors would delight in a strawberry festival all their own. Where there is a hospitable farm or garden with a large strawberry-patch, whose owner agrees to give the berries for the festival if the Juniors will pick them, the way is open.

Usually in our northern latitudes the strawberries ripen just in good time for the beginning of vacation, so that without interference with school preparations the Juniors can pick the berries in the morning while the dew is still on them. Twenty Juniors, each with pail or basket, will make short and merry work of the picking. Then the fruit should be kept in a cool place until afternoon, when it is taken to the church basement or wherever the festival is to be, and hulled.

There might be a slight reward given to the Junior who picks the most berries, also to the one who hulls the most, provided that the hulling is done carefully.

Cake and ice-cream should be previously engaged, and some of the boys may call for the cakes at the various homes in the afternoon. The ice-cream, of course, will be delivered by the dealer, unless that, also, is home-made and presented. Sugar for the berries must not be forgotten.

With a few hints from the Junior superintendent the older girls can arrange the tables, decorating them as prettily as they please with flowers and ferns brought by the younger ones; and the boys may help prepare the checks or tickets, with prices plainly marked. There should be separate checks for the berries, ice-cream, and cake, so that, whatever the order, the checks may be ready to send with each plate.

If the occasion has been well advertised, as it *will* be—trust the Juniors for that!—people will come in large numbers; and the Juniors, previously drilled, may wait on them, the larger ones attending to the "dishing out" in another room, while the smaller ones, dressed in fairy and brownie costumes, act as waiters. Two of the Juniors, a boy and a girl, might serve as cashiers.

When all have been served, toward the close of the evening there may be several songs and recitations, ending with a fairy drill, following the plan of the "holly and mistletoe drill" described elsewhere in the book. If the room, or at least the wall back of

the platform, be decorated in green or in pink, with roses and ferns in profusion, the drill will appear to better advantage.

The Juniors and their superintendent will find plenty of work, as well as profit and play, in connection with this occasion, as is the case with most strawberry festivals; but all will enjoy it; and, if thought out well in advance, the details may be so divided as to make the labor light. The flower committee of the older society will readily lend a hand with the decorations if they are asked; and the fancy drill could of course be omitted, although it is a very pretty feature. If given, it should be by the smaller Juniors, both boys and girls, in their fairy and brownie costumes, and all carrying small, light trays instead of half-hoops.

A Pansy-Hunt.

FROM the colored plates in flower catalogues, and from advertising and other picture cards, select those having pansies, the prettier the better. Let the Juniors help collect them. This in itself would seem to be a "pansy-hunt," but it is only the beginning.

When there are several hundred pansies, not as yet cut out, the Juniors may meet for their work. The first thing to be done is to cut out the pansies. This will not take long, and as the fingers fly some one may read aloud an entertaining story, perhaps a short one by "Pansy"; or, if that is not at hand, a bright one

from the latest *Christian Endeavor World* is always in order at such times.

Next, the pansies are all placed in small, numbered envelopes, ten pansies in each, preparatory to playing the game of "butterfly pansy-hunt." Half of the Juniors go out of the room, and the rest proceed to hide the envelopes. When called in, the hunting party, who are the "butterflies," have a grand rummage, and the "butterfly" that finds the most pansies is made the leader of the hiding party next time. The divisions are reversed so that the hiders become the butterflies each time that the pansies are all found. As the envelopes are numbered, it is easy to determine when this is the case. Quick wits in thinking of new places, and sharp eyes for discovering them, are thus kept busy, and when tired of this game the Juniors may all be seated again around a long table while the superintendent produces a large pasteboard box with a pansy-decorated cover. Explaining that pansies mean "thoughts," and that this box is full of bright and sweet thoughts to be used for people who have not quite so much to make them happy as the Juniors, she invites the children to a new kind of pansy-hunt, which is not entirely for themselves.

The box is passed around, and each Junior takes out a handful of the clippings, which, needless to say, have been carefully gathered by the superintendent and her friends, so that each one contains a thought worth reading, and within the comprehension of the Juniors. Selections found in books could be used also

by typewriting them on slips of paper, and might include a number from the Bible. Several rolls of baby ribbon, one each of all the different pansy colors, should be in the box.

When the Juniors are supplied with a handful of thoughts apiece, give to each a pen and ink and a package of little cards. These cards should be a trifle larger than visiting-cards, or just large enough to contain one of the short written selections and a pansy. Let the children copy on the cards, in their own handwriting, from the clippings the ones which they like best; this will leave the original clippings to be used again for other purposes. Each Junior may write seven, one for each day in the week, after pasting a pansy on each card; then tie a ribbon a few inches long through a hole in one corner, leaving one end free, and tie the free ends of all seven ribbons together so that they can be hung up. If the ribbons used are as many as possible of the different pansy colors for each bunch, the effect will be extremely pretty. Some of the more skilful workers may find that they have time to prepare a second bunch in the same way.

These handfuls of thoughts may then be sent where they will be most appreciated, and the pansy-hunt will have served, at the very lowest estimate, a double purpose.

A Rainy Fourth.

THERE are bright possibilities in every cloud, and even a rainy Fourth of July is no exception. So the

Joyville Juniors discovered. Of course, they were intending to have a picnic, besides enjoying the regulation fireworks; and here was a cold, steady drizzle, for all the world as if it were November.

Great were the lamentations; but just as the "Sultan of Sulkydom" was about to have everything his own way he was put to rout by a big covered wagon driven around from one house to another where the Joyville Juniors lived. There were twenty-three of them in the society; but sixteen houses contained them all, and fourteen of these were quite close together; so it was not more than an hour before the last youngsters were collected and all were landed in the big upper room of Judge Elsworth's house. Miss Elsworth, the Junior superintendent, welcomed them with a certain twinkle of the eyes which made every Junior instantly conclude that in spite of the rain they would manage to have a good time.

"Just wait a minute until the Independence Wizard comes in," said Miss Elsworth mysteriously, "and then the best part of the fun will begin."

The children were breathless. Presently there were three sharp raps at the door, and the Independence Wizard was ushered in.

Two artistically draped table-covers, a wig, mask, skull-cap, and glasses had transformed Miss Elsworth's brother into a very presentable wizard, and after entertaining the children for a half-hour with parlor magic he produced from apparently nowhere a

bundle of bright-colored tissue-paper, some tinsel, a rubber ball, a large potato, a dried sunflower stalk, and several other mysterious things, and said: "Presto! change! The weather is not quite all we expected outdoors; but we are independent, and will make our own fair weather right here. We will make our own fireworks, too, and fire them off without even waiting till night. That is what wizards are good for, if they are Independence Wizards; and every one of you is going to learn the wizard trade, beginning this very minute; that is, if you want to. Do you?"

Of course they did, and the girls were assured that this splendid offer included them too; for would they not make the very best of witches?

With the aid of his sister, who had mysteriously disappeared a short time before, and who reappeared now as the Independence Witch, with a book of magic all her own in the form of a magazine saved for just such an emergency, the wizard soon had the children absorbed in making the charming paper fireworks fully described by Lina Beard in *The Delineator* for July, 1902. They can be fired off indoors as well as outdoors; and the gorgeous comets, brilliant pinwheels, sparkling calumet with its bright sparks flying all over the hair and clothing of the experimenters, the sunflower-stalk sky-rocket, and the bamboo pistol with potato bullets, were all as fascinating as they were harmless.

After the bright showers indoors had made the revellers quite forget the dull showers outside, a giant

firecracker candy-box was called into use; and with songs, stories, and a lunch which disappeared so rapidly as to convince any skeptic of the acquired magical powers of those present, the fireworks were sorted out, and many of them were found to be quite uninjured. These were carefully packed in a box for the Children's Home, and the Juniors voted that rainy day the best Independence celebration ever held in Joyville.

An Indian Festival.

CHICAGO'S one hundredth birthday was the occasion of a celebration interesting to many thousands, and not the least interesting feature was the Indian village in Lincoln Park. Picturesque in their typical costumes, the red men appeared much as their ancestors did a century ago. From Chief No-zu-kah, the medicine-man in his coonskin cap and red blanket, who rattled his medicine-bags as he walked, down to six-year-old Hach-si-acha, the braves and squaws were the centre of attraction; and this, together with an Indian festival once successfully given by a wide-awake older Endeavor society, inclines me to think that the Juniors should have one of their own, improving on all former undertakings of the kind, and perhaps on nature as well!

War-paint and feathers, beads, blankets, and moccasins, should be brought into use for the costumes. Decorate the rooms with plenty of boughs and foliage, to represent a woodland scene; hang

cages of singing birds from the branches; and have a wigwam in one corner, with a buffalo robe spread in front of its entrance. Two Junior "Indian" girls who have learned the now popular basket-weaving, may be seated here at their work, with finished baskets for sale. One or more flower-girls may wander about, selling colored grasses and other similar treasures. One of the Junior boys may represent a medicine-man, and sell roots and herbs; another may sell bows and arrows to all who wish to test their skill at the target, which must be so placed that stray shots can do no damage. A loan exhibition of Indian curios will be instructive, if there is some one to explain them; and the Indian portraits, in colors, to be found among the Perry Pictures, will prove interesting. A fancy-work booth may contain feather fans, dainty bags of beadwork, dolls dressed as pappooses and squaws, and birch bark made into all kinds of pretty conceits, from toy canoes to bon-bon-boxes filled with salted nuts instead of candy.

The bows and arrows will play a lively part in the evening's festivities. A small sum may be charged for each trial, if desired. Archery is said to be the coming sport; and, if it is indeed soon to be revived from its centuries of partial sleep, and thus rival golf and other favorites, one cannot begin to practise too soon! It is certainly graceful, healthful, and fascinating enough to warrant the revival.

Refreshments should be nuts and fruits, delicious in themselves, but served on wooden plates by

"Indian" waitresses in the most primitive manner. A programme might be rendered beginning with a reading from "Hiawatha" illustrated with tableaux, which the Juniors, with careful training, can present as well as any one; including also an Indian hunter's drill with bows and arrows, in which either boys alone, or girls alone, or both boys and girls, might take part; and closing with all the Juniors' forming in line and uttering a war-whoop, which if not realistic will be at least startling.

A Boys' Book Party.

LIBRARY parties for grown people are common enough, but the boys should have a costume book party of their own. The more boys present, the better. The following suggestions for costumes may be helpful:

1. "Black Beauty." A good-looking boy in burnt cork.

2. "Little Men." Two or more brothers or friends wearing high hats, long-tailed coats, etc.

3. "Pilgrim's Progress." A boy wearing a gown and carrying a staff. The word "Mecca" should be printed on a label fastened to his breast.

4. "Tom Saw-yer." A boy whose real name is Tom should raise a telescope to his eyes every few minutes.

5. "Rob Roy." A red-haired boy in Highland costume. The plaid should be correct.

6. "Kenilworth." (Kennel worth.) A boy leading his pet dog.

7. "Under the Lilacs." A boy wearing a garland of real or artificial lilacs.

8. "Under Drake's Flag." A boy wearing the British flag as a turban.

9. "Merry adventures of Rob-in Hood." A boy named Robert wearing his sister's hood.

10. "St. Nicholas." A boy dressed as Santa Claus.

11. "The Pirate." A boy dressed as a typical pirate.

12. "Story of a Bad Boy." A boy wearing a placard on which is printed "The History of My Life."

13. "Boys of '76." Two boys, each wearing a placard marked, "100—24."

14. "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy." A boy with a drum. On a placard is written, "Forty Years Ago."

15. "Sketch-Book." A boy carrying a drawing-book under his arm.

Thirty is a good number to be present at a book party. All the guests should send their book-titles to the host of the evening two or three days before the party. At the door each boy should be handed a pencil, a blank sheet of paper, and a numbered card which he should pin to his back or sleeve. Half an hour should be allowed for guessing the names. One reward might be a book like Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," or "Seven Seas;" another, a paper-cutter; and, for the shortest list, a blank book. Ice-cream and

cake have nothing to do with books, but should be served just the same, if possible, to comfort the losers.

Card-Pasting.

A GOOD variation from making scrap-books for a children's hospital, especially if the workers happen to be few, is to use large cards, preparing them like the different pages of a picture scrap-book, but leaving them separate. Then they can be easily handed from one bed to another; and, as they can be divided among the different children, they can be seen by many at once without waiting till enough whole scrap-books can be filled. Ten Juniors can easily prepare fifty cards in a single afternoon, but the pictures will be most interesting if weeks are spent in collecting them.

Take large white or delicately tinted cards about eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide. Paste on them gay pictures cut from advertising cards and other sources, arranging them according to taste. One card could be a menagerie, or a "Noah's ark," with a long procession of animals winding all around from top to bottom. Such a card once made had an array that would have astonished Noah. There were dancing bears, and elephants with howdahs on their backs, and circus horses, and monkeys dressed like Italian lazzaroni, and pigs with apples in their mouths, and even a Christmas turkey carried on the heads of three geese. Another card could be made up entirely of flowers or of flowers, birds, and butterflies. Another

could contain ships, sea-gulls, fishes, and some shells on a supposed beach at the bottom. Funny groups of people doing all sorts of things can be arranged.

Some of the figures can be cut from newspapers or old magazines; if bright colors are desired, a paint-box can be brought into service, but usually the uncolored pages are very acceptable mixed in with those cut from colored plates and cards.

Sometimes figures cut from stiff cards will not be easy to paste, but by spreading them (on the wrong side, of course) with a rather thin boiled flour paste, and letting them lie for a few moments, they become softer and more pliable.

Climbing the Bean-Stalk.

A BARN with a captivating hay-loft, a stout ladder with a vine thickly twined around it, some croquet-balls, four Indian clubs, a pointer, and a supply of apples, oranges, and small bags of nuts or cracker-jack, are all that you will need—except the Juniors, who are most necessary of all.

"Climbing the bean-stalk" consists of going up the ladder to the giant's castle,—the very same castle, in imagination, explored by the immortal Jack,—and finding and taking possession of the treasures. This means a hunt in the hay for the apples and other things previously hidden there. The pointer, croquet-balls, and Indian clubs may be tucked in to add variety to the store.

After the treasures are all discovered and safely brought down the bean-stalk, the Juniors will enjoy a game of "croquet-bowling." A sufficient space should be cleared on the barn floor, and the four Indian clubs should be set up at one end as pins, three in a row behind the king-pin. The bowling is then done with the croquet-balls.

The party may conclude with an impromptu "freak show," using the hay-loft as a pedestal from which to display the "freaks." This is where your pointer comes in. The amount of fun to be had from a "freak show" can be best understood if I give you the description of Vincent Van M. Beede's, in his own words, only remarking that the barn adds to the general hilarity, and that one of the Indian clubs would do very well instead of the suggested andiron.

"One rainy morning last summer the children and I had great fun getting up a freak show. As we had not thought out beforehand what we were going to do, things were all the funnier. Little Marvyn, seven years old, stood on a table and chose to be Pullaway, the Boy with the Rubber Skin.

"I was asked to be lecturer, so with a pointer in my hand I explained as glibly as I could how marvellous a boy this was. Why, he could stretch out the skin of his cheeks two feet, and then let it snap back again! (Pullaway now showed his power.) Martin, a handsome fellow of twelve, was Stickeminus, the Human Pincushion. I showed the (imaginary) audience that pins had no effect on the feelings of this

wonder. 'I will stick a pin into his arm this very minute,' I said. Strange to say, the Human Pincushion squealed! Fritz, thirteen years old, who has a beautiful physique, was Lomposo Musculario, the Strong Man. 'See him lift that mighty andiron,' I remarked. 'It weighs 555 1-5 pounds.' Lomposo puffed and groaned under his heavy burden. Essie wanted to be the Fat Lady; I suppose because as a matter of fact she is very slender. It was surprising how much she succeeded in blowing out her cheeks. Madeleine, Champion Pie-Eater of the World, gobbled up anywhere from fifty to seventy-five (imaginary) mince pies, and Jolliby, as Burroo, the One Armed Wild Man of Borneo, seized my arm in his teeth while I was telling what a dangerous creature he was. The other freaks set up a chorus of alarm, and I do not know what would have become of me if Winkles, who was the *Very* Wildest Man, had not grappled in deadly combat with Burroo; and, if Madeleine had not offered them her best (imaginary) pies, they would, I fear, have devoured each other on the spot."

Advertising–Carnival.

HAVING made out a list, for your own convenience, of well-known business firms, local or otherwise, whose names could be represented by costumes, let each Junior come dressed to represent one of the firms. For instance, Marshall Field's might be portrayed by a boy in a soldier's uniform, with dried grasses and other field treasures extending from

pockets and buttonholes; Macy's, by a girl named May, or dressed as queen of the May, with a placard attached bearing the letter "C." The same letter, worn by a boy carrying a gallon can, a hammer, and a barrel-hoop, would answer for "Siegel and Cooper." "Tiffany" might be portrayed by a picture of two people having a slight quarrel, the picture being fastened to the costume of a girl named Fannie or Annie, or to that of a boy carrying a large palm-leaf fan and limping as if one knee were affected.

Local firms, however, should predominate, and the utmost secrecy should prevail in all the preparations. When the evening of the carnival has arrived in all its glory, give each guest a pencil and paper, and reward with some gift the one who can without assistance make out the longest correct list of firms represented. Such an occasion would be interesting to others besides the Juniors; and a charge for admission might be made, in which case a light repast should be served, and a fancy march of the various "walking advertisements" should add to the attractions.

This occasion might be combined, if desired, with the "evening with ads" described elsewhere in the book.

Parlor Golf Party.

Most boys and girls are somewhat familiar with golf, and the Juniors will probably prove no exception. Any kind of "parlor golf" may be introduced, as simple or as elaborate as you please. Here is one kind

that must be interesting, called "Quiet Go-lol-uf," and explained by Vincent Van M. Beede as follows:

"This game is meant especially for boys and girls who know something about the royal and ancient game of 'golf' sometimes called 'go-lol-uf' just for fun. Seat your friends about a table, pass around pencils and paper, and then say:

"'We are going to play go-lol-uf. I hope you won't squabble much. This game is a little different from the outdoor kind. Here you are expected *not* to get into a hole. I shall pass to each of you a card on which is written something about golf. Write your answers on the large sheets; and don't forget, please, to write your names at the bottom of the sheets. Number the answers, of course. At the end of every two minutes I shall yell "Fore!" and everybody must pass his card to his left-hand neighbor.'

"Here is a list of terms:

"1. A dancing-party. (Ball.)

2. A drink. (Tea.)

3. A box in which to keep the vegetable from which this drink is made. (Caddie—Caddy.)

4. A society. (Club.)

5. The man who rows next the coxswain in a racing-shell. (Stroke.)

6. A common color. (Green.)

7. Bold. (Brass(e)y.)

8. The man who holds the reins. (Driver.)

9. A number. (Fore—four.)

10. A guess. (Hazard.)

11. Used for smoothing clothes. (Iron.)
12. A story that is not true. (Lie.)
13. A piece. (Slice.)
14. Something with which one eats. (Spoon.)
15. The noise made by an animal that does not like Thanksgiving. (Gobble.)
16. A place where hay is kept. (Loft.)

"The rewards might be a golf-club, a scarf-pin, a score-book, a pair of balls, or a rubber tee."

Another game of golf is the one played on a table wound with a somewhat crumpled cloth. Each player is furnished with a pea and a pin by way of ball and stick. It is very good fun when there are players enough to make the contest exciting; for the winner is the player who is first to roll the pea up to goal. The pea that collides with another, or pushes it, or even touches it, is sent back to the starting-point.

Other games mentioned elsewhere in the book may be substituted for one or the other of these, in case not all present are enthusiasts on golf; but the second one could be adapted to the veriest novice, while interesting to all. Refreshments of cake and chocolate may be served, and it would add to the fun if the small iced cakes were decorated with various golf emblems.

Mysterious Basket-Ball.

COLLECT the materials, either with or without the Juniors' help, beginning some time in advance. When

the time comes to have the "ball," the more mystery the better.

Place a large basket or clothes-hamper in the middle of the room. This is the "mysterious basket" part, and each Junior is then told to help himself to his "ball," one of the many bundles wrapped up to look as nearly like balls as possible, all the way from the size of a baseball to that of a basket-ball.

Have ready plenty of scissors, paste, glue, needles, thread, and the celluloid thimbles that can be bought for a cent or two apiece. As each "ball" is opened, it proves to hold the materials for making a small Christmas gift or article for a fair to be given by the Juniors, or for a Junior fancy-work booth at a "grown-up" fair.

Many simple and inexpensive articles, both pretty and useful, can be made by children of Junior age, both girls and boys. If a piece of work which is all sewing happens to be drawn by a boy, so much the more fun. The Junior superintendent acts as "umpire," answering questions and explaining the rules of the game. A thimble worn on the thumb is "foul," even if the fingers *do* seem to be all thumbs, which is often far from being the case.

Here is a partial list of articles which might be made:

1. Stamp-box, of heavy water-color paper, ready cut out. The one who draws this bundle will have an easy task; merely to fold the box into shape, paste the flaps on the inside, decorate the cover with a two-cent stamp, and tie it in place with a ribbon.

2. Chamois spectacle-cleaner, cut in any fancy shape; two pieces buttonhole-stitched around the edge with colored silk, and caught together with fancy ribbon.

3. Pocket pincushion made of two pieces of stiff cardboard covered first with a thin layer of cotton batting, then with wide fancy ribbon; sewed together around the edge and filled with several kinds and sizes of pins.

4. Chinese pen-wiper made of two nutshells glued together to make a head; a pigtail of braided horse-hair; a Chinese costume of red cloth with several flannel leaves under the loose, short coat; ink features for the face; and, if one likes, Chinese hieroglyphics in ink decorating the costume.

5. Match-scratcher. Cardboard foundation, with a strip of blue paper pasted across the top to represent sky; a strip of green paper of the same width, pasted across the bottom for grass; a larger strip of red paper between, marked off with ink to represent a brick wall; a cat made of emery paper seated on the grass facing the wall.

6. Recipe-holder, of two teapots or teakettles cut from celluloid, tied together with ribbon and decorated with water-colors in lettering or other design.

7. Blotter, calendar, and pen-wiper combined. A dozen pieces of colored blotting-paper tied together with a ribbon; the outer one with a picture and a small calendar pad pasted on; or there may be a cover made of white cardboard decorated with gold

or silver paper bells, or with flowers or leaves carefully and *separately* cut from Japanese tissue-paper napkins and pasted on. A tiny pen-wiper made of several circles of chamois is to be tied in one corner.

8. Cover for a kodak album, made of rough, heavy tan or brown writing-paper with a target in the centre. The target is made by pasting four paper circles of contrasting colors, one over the other, each smaller than the last, the smallest one in the centre being the bull's-eye; and printing, each side of the target, in gold or white, the words "Snap-Shots."

9. Court-plaster case of water-color paper, tied together with ribbon, the cover decorated with a picture, the leaves of court-plaster.

10. Shaving-paper "snowballs." These are very pretty, and are made of many circles of white tissue-paper caught together in the same way as a ball pen-wiper, and furnished with a hanging loop of red ribbon.

11. Pen-wipers of several thicknesses of felt, cut out leaf-shape or flower shape, and held together with a bow and ends of ribbon.

12. Junior "comfort-powders." Tie a cheery Bible verse or other pleasant message in a piece of fringed tissue-paper; then tie fifty-two of these in a bunch, one for each week in the year. Or the Juniors might combine in this, and make the powders daily ones.

Other articles, as simple or more elaborate, will be

thought of in abundance; pretty ironing-holders, hair-receivers, dusters and duster-bags, sweeping-caps, lamp-mats, dinner cards, whisk-broom-holders, etc. The work, if well prepared in advance, could probably be done by the Juniors in an hour at the longest; some of it in much less. Rewards should be given, not for the most rapid work, but for that most neatly done. The "umpire" may enlist the aid of one or more of her friends in preparing the work, giving instructions, and assigning rewards, especially if there are many of the small workers; and the Juniors may be allowed to exchange tasks if thought desirable.

After the work is done, and while the committee is deciding as to its merits, the "ball-team" may indulge in refreshments in the appropriate globular form of doughnuts, oranges, or pop-corn balls; after which the afternoon may close with the award of the gifts and a stirring game of real basket-ball; or, if it is in the evening, or too late in the season for this out-of-door sport, try a game of "Little Queen Fluff" instead. "Little Queen Fluff" is a ball of cotton covered with colored crape paper. Place the chairs two feet apart in a line across the centre of the room; arrange the Juniors one opposite each chair, against the wall on both sides of the room; give one of these balls and a palm-leaf fan to each; and let them see which can most successfully send his own particular "Little Queen Fluff" through her castle underneath the centre of the chair, to the opposite side of the room. The side which gets all its balls across the room first,

fanning them by way of the "castle" underneath the centre of the chair, wins the game.

A Puritan Thanksgiving Dinner.

THIS is a combination affair, enlisting Endeavorers of all ages; but the Juniors' part in it is an important one. The main idea is to make it a pleasant occasion, not only for those who would have a Thanksgiving feast anyway, but for as many as possible who would otherwise go without. The very poorest should be hunted up and included in the invitations.

Let me tell you how the plan was once carried out by a lady and her little fourteen-year-old niece, whom we will call Priscilla. The writer says:

"With the help of kind friends and faithful Bridget we made very much of a success of our dinner, and many a poor soul was made happy for one day at least. For several weeks previous, Priscilla and I spent our evenings by the great fire in the big kitchen, dressing Puritan dolls for the children, and making other gifts. Priscilla asked old sailor Hogan to make for her a small model of the Mayflower such as she had seen in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, and after we had stretched the old mahogany table to its fullest extent, which reached almost the entire length of the kitchen, and covered it with Grandmother Alden's white damask banquet-cloth, Priscilla placed the little ship in the centre on a large mirror. The frame of the

mirror we concealed with sea-sand, shells, and pebbles; and on one side we placed a large stone which John had carved into the shape of the dear old rock on which our Pilgrim Fathers landed. We scattered

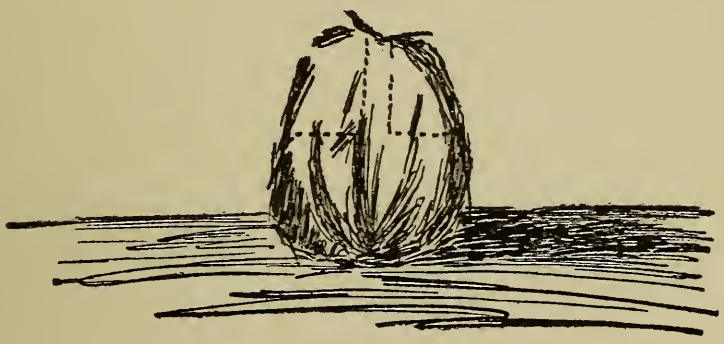


DIAGRAM 1.

over all this thin flaky cotton sprinkled with crystallized alum to imitate snow, and the little Puritan dolls on deck made the scene very realistic. The body of the ship we filled with our gifts.

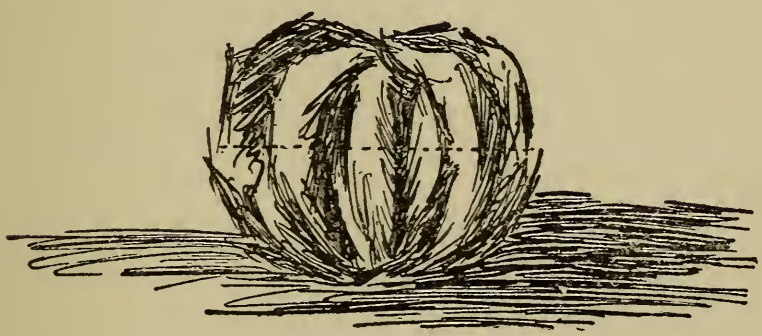


DIAGRAM 2.

"Priscilla made fruit-baskets, and bowls for the nuts and candy, out of pumpkins. John sawed three large bright yellow ones for her as shown in the dia-

grams. After these had been scooped out, using the contents for pies, and dried thoroughly, we placed them on the table on mats of green tissue-paper cut in the shape of pumpkin leaves. The effect against the white cloth was quite pretty. For each of our poorer guests we made an old-fashioned reticule of yellow cloth tied with green braid. In these we placed a pair of woollen gloves, two pairs of woollen stockings or socks, a handkerchief, a cake of soap, and an order for a stout pair of shoes. In the way of gifts for the other guests there were little keepsakes such as pumpkin pincushions made of yellow silk and tied with green ribbons, Plymouth Rock paper-weights, and little models of Governor Carver's chair in which we tied yellow pincushions with green ribbons. There were napkin-rings, needle-books, stamp-boxes, paper-cutters, and pin-trays, all with engravings of the Mayflower or some Pilgrim emblem. We had plenty of dinner for all. There was everything required for a Thanksgiving feast, from the turkey and cranberry sauce to plum pudding, into which Bridget had put plenty of plums. All who helped in receiving dressed in Puritan costumes.

"After the dinner had been eaten and the presents distributed, Miss Katherine Anderson, one of the teachers in the public school, gave a little talk, for fear the significance of the occasion might escape some of the most ignorant; but I am glad to say that there were none except the very smallest who did not know the history of our Pilgrim Fathers. The ladies of our

old town have decided to give a dinner of this kind every Thanksgiving."

When the Endeavorers are to give such a dinner, the little address would naturally be by the pastor, and the Juniors' part of the preparations might well begin with the "mysterious basket-ball" described elsewhere in the book. In this case the small articles to be made or decorated would of course consist wholly of such as would be adapted for gifts at the dinner, and the Juniors should be told of the plan at the beginning of their work. They could also help in dressing the Puritan dolls and in receiving the guests; and, if they wish to do more, they might give a "Mayflower drill" in Puritan costume.

An entertainment of this kind could also be given to raise money for the church or society. In such cases, of course, the philanthropic features would be omitted, an admission fee charged, and the articles from the Mayflower sold.

Teddy and the Goblin.

(*Teddy's Dream on Christmas Morn.*)

By Mattie–Marie Gamble.

The necessary requirements are a cot, a chair, a candle and candlestick, a large stocking, a small camera, and a large wooden frame with an opening about five feet square. The frame might be gilded or covered with yellow Canton flannel, and should have a support at the back of each side to hold it firmly in an upright position. There should be a box or platform high enough to be on a level with the lower edge of the opening of the frame, back of it.

The stage should represent a scene in the woods, with an abundance of green foliage; and leaves or green cloth should cover the floor. Near the back of the stage should be a curtain that could be drawn to each side, on which are painted trees, etc., to carry out the woods effect.

Back of this curtain arrange a small sleeping-room, in which are placed the cot and the chair with the candle on it; and in some prominent place is hung the stocking, well stuffed, with the small camera peeping out at the top.

Characters.

TEDDY, *A little boy of ten years.*
FUN, *A little old goblin.*
RED RIDINGHOOD AND WOLF.
OLD WOMAN WITH BROOM.
JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.
THE GIANT.
JACK AND JILL.
TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.
JACK–BE–NIMBLE.
BO–PEEP.
SIMPLE SIMON.

Costumes.

TEDDY. Long nightgown reaching to just above the ankles, barefooted, and hair tousled.

FUN, *the goblin.* A boy of twelve or fourteen years, quite small for his age. Long beard, pointed shoes that turn up at the toes, long belted blouse and tight knee pants, stocking cap with tassel.

RED RIDINGHOOD. Long red cloak and hood and a basket. A large dog may represent the wolf.

OLD WOMAN. Pointed hat with brim. Old shoulder-shawl and dress to ankles, carrying a dilapidated broom.

JACK THE GIANT–KILLER. Page's costume and sword.

GIANT. Very large man. Any fantastic costume.

JACK AND JILL. Dressed as country children and carrying a pail, Jill with sunbonnet.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON. Boy about sixteen, tall and slender; short waistcoat, trousers above shoe-tops, little old hat on back of head; a pig made of white Canton flannel under his arm. Or, if a small live pig could be procured, it would add to the merriment.

JACK-BE-NIMBLE. Small boy in short waistcoat and trousers, with candle in candlestick.

BO-PEEP. Shepherdess costume. Long crook with ribbon tied on end.

SIMPLE SIMON. Trousers to shoe-tops; straight ragged garment extending almost to knees, and left open at neck; hair tousled. A tin pail and a rod about two feet in length with long string tied to it and piece of bent wire attached to the end of string.

TIME. Just before dawn Christmas morning.

SCENE *opens on the little bedroom.* TEDDY *asleep on the cot. Keep the front of the stage as dark as possible during this scene, with woods curtain drawn aside, and throw a dim light on the bedroom from behind the scenes.*

TEDDY (*waking, sitting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes*). My, but it's dark! I wonder if Santa Claus has been here yet. Guess I'll see. (*Strikes a match, and lights the candle, holds it above his head, and peers around. Suddenly seeing the stocking fairly bulging with gifts, he puts the candle on the chair, bounds out of bed, and makes a dive for the stocking.*

When about to take it down, he hesitates.) I know it ain't time, but I just *can't* wait. I'll just take *one* thing out. (*Reaches up carefully and takes down camera.*) My! if it ain't the camera I wrote to Santa Claus for. I wonder how it works. (*Turning it over.*) I'll take Rover's picture the very first one. (*Dances back to bed, camera in hand, and, pulling the covers over him, begins examining it. Yawns several times, and talks in a sleepy voice.*) Won't ma and pa be (*yawns*) surprised—when—they —see— (*yawns again*) —it, though?—Wish—I—could —— (*Falls asleep.*)

(*In runs little old goblin, frolics around the room a little, blows out the candle, and perches himself on the foot of the bed.*)

FUN. Aha! been into your stocking already, have you? and sound asleep again. Well, well (*then talking to himself*), I will just wake him up in dreamland, and have a little fun with him. (*Turning to* TEDDY.) Well, Master Teddy, how are you? Merry Christmas!

TEDDY (*very sleepy and still holding on to camera*). How do you do?—but I—I don't know you. What is your name? and where am I?

FUN. That's so! Why, you are in dreamland; and you don't know me?—ha! ha!—well, my name's Fun. You think that a queer name? Well, I took that name because, you see, people are always wanting to do things "just for fun," and so I thought I would be well taken care of!

TEDDY. I wish I could take a picture with my new camera just for fun, but I don't know how.

FUN. Is that so? Why, I can take fine pictures. Just come with me into the woods, and I will show you. (*Jumps down and pulls* TEDDY, *with camera, out of bed by the hand.* TEDDY *hangs back as if frightened.*) O, don't be afraid. I will take good care of you, and bring you back again. Come on; we will take pictures of Mother Goose children in the woods.

TEDDY. O—real sure 'nough live children?

FUN. Yes, I should say so. I know them all—Jack and Jill and Red Ridinghood and ——

TEDDY (*excitedly*). And Jack the Giant-Killer?

FUN. Yes—all of them.

TEDDY. O, let's hurry! (*No longer holds back, but runs out, pulling* FUN *after him. As they leave, the foliage curtains should be quickly drawn together, leaving only the woods, and the light should now be turned on that scene. Enter* FUN *and* TEDDY, *looking around.* TEDDY *disappointed.*) I don't see anybody.

FUN. Just wait. Now you stand behind the tree and watch. Keep quiet. (*Enter* RED RIDINGHOOD *talking to the wolf, the dog. While she is talking,* FUN *takes the camera, and turns it in her direction. A stout rubber band can be attached to the camera so that no one can see it, and he snaps it very loud as he takes the picture.* FUN *turns to* TEDDY *and grins.*) I got that one; now we must get ready for the next. (*Winds screw. At the same instant some one behind*

the scenes winds an old clock or something that makes an equally loud sound. This should be done each time a picture is taken. Just as he is ready for the next, TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, *runs across the stage with pig, and* FUN *jumps quickly to snap the camera.* FUN *turns to* TEDDY *and winks.*) *Nearly* lost that one. (*Winds again. After that the rest of the characters come in, in quick succession, so that all of them are in almost at the same time, each of course in his or her own way.* SIMPLE SIMON *should set his mother's pail down at one side and begin fishing in it, always looking as silly as possible.* JACK-BE-NIMBLE *places his lighted candle on the floor, and frequently jumps lightly back and forth over it. In the meantime the giant has lain down asleep, and* JACK THE GIANT-KILLER *has taken his position with one foot on giant's chest and sword in hand;* BO-PEEP *has fallen asleep, and so on.* FUN *skips in and out among them, snapping one picture after another, always winding after each. Finally he stops.*) I wonder if I have them all.

TEDDY (*in loud whisper*). You didn't get the giant. (*Is so interested that he forgets to keep back, and finds himself in the centre of the stage.*)

FUN. Why, I forgot Little Bo-Peep! and the dear child is fast asleep. (*Snaps camera again. At the same time, seeing* TEDDY, *the children all begin to laugh and dance around him, having lots of fun.* TEDDY *becomes frightened, and, burying his face in his hands, cries aloud.* FUN *runs to him, and when*

the children see the goblin they all scamper off the stage, BO-PEEP *and the giant disappearing with the rest.*) What is the matter, my little friend?

TEDDY. I'm so (*sobs*) scared!

FUN. Scared at what?

TEDDY. Because they're all around me.

FUN. Who?

TEDDY (*looking up wonderingly*). Why!—why, where are they?

FUN. You crazy child, who are you talking about?

TEDDY. Red Ridinghood and Jack the Giant-Killer and—and all the rest!

FUN. Ha! ha! (*Laughing heartily.*) *You* don't understand them. Now you see them and now you don't.

TEDDY. Wish I could see them again, but I don't want them to see me.

FUN. Well, the pictures are all ready now, and they are fine ones, too. One hundred times larger than your camera. Think of it! Would you like to see them now?

TEDDY. Well, I should say so!

FUN. All right; here goes. First we will have Little Red Ridinghood. (*During the performance in the woods the cot, chair, etc., should be removed and the large frame with platform back of it put directly behind the foliage curtain. Back of the frame opening and platform should be a woods background if possible. When* FUN *announces the subject of each picture, some one behind the scenes, near the front,*

should read slowly and clearly the story or verse describing that picture. Meanwhile, those characters are taking their positions in the frame, and when ready must not move. As each story or verse is finished, the curtains are drawn aside for a minute, showing the picture, and then drawn together again. Then the next story and its picture, and so on until all are shown. As each one is presented, TEDDY *and* FUN *dance around and clap their hands, making such exclamations as "O my!" "Isn't that great?" etc. Curtain falls on the last picture.* FUN *and* TEDDY *are again alone in the woods.*) Here they all come back again, I declare! Too bad they could not have seen their own pictures. O, well; it doesn't matter. Why! where are you going, Teddy?

TEDDY. I'm going home! (*Runs off the stage.*)

FUN. Wait a minute. (*Talking to himself.*) No use. Guess I had better see if he gets home all right. (*Follows* TEDDY. *Enter all the children singing Mother Goose rhymes. While they are dancing and singing, the large frame is removed, and the cot, etc., are replaced the same as in the first scene. As the music is finished, they dance off stage. Curtain opens on bedroom scene.* TEDDY *asleep with camera, and the goblin perched on bed again.*) Well, the little fellow has had quite a treat, and it is nearly time for him to wake up; so I must leave him for this time. (*Jumps down, and as he steals lightly out, kisses his hand to* TEDDY.) Good-by, little chap. I hope you will have a fine Christmas day. Good-by.

(*A bright light is now thrown on the cot, and* TEDDY *wakes up.*)

TEDDY. My! it's broad daylight, and I'll bet the folks are all up. (*Sits up on one side of the bed; suddenly thinks of the camera, and takes it up.*) Wasn't Santa Claus good, though? (*Meditatively.*) If I only knew how to use it! (*Brightening.*) Why, I do! Now who was it showed me how? O, yes! it was the goblin, I do believe; and I've been to dreamland. Yes, it all comes to me now, and I've resolved that —— (*Standing and reciting.*)

When there's something to be bought and you haven't got the money,
You just write out that little thought,—now that sounds rather funny,—
Just write it nice to Santa Claus, and seal it up right tight,
And when you go to bed you know he'll bring it sure that night.
Because, you know, 'tis Christmas eve, when Santa always comes,
And brings you lots of things you want—nice cameras and drums;
And when you're puzzled as to how to work the things you get,
Just go off into dreamland, and you'll find out, you bet!
'Cause Fun, the little goblin, is always sure to know,
And you can take a trip with him if you are not too slow.
Then you will find out how to do most anything under the sun,
And when you wake up bright again, you'll know just how 'tis done.

CURTAIN.

Cinderella Reception.

THE Juniors come, if they wish, in fancy costumes; the smallest girl can be Cinderella, in pretty slippers, and a trained Empire dress of pink cambric, with her hair piled up on top of her head; and the smallest boy should personate the prince, in a light-blue cambric suit with many bows and buckles. Others may be the cruel stepmother, the proud sisters, the fairy godmother, the king, the queen, and various other distinguished people of the times.

Among the games which might be played is "my lady's slipper." One player goes out of the room, and is blindfolded. The rest seat themselves in a line in seats low enough so that their feet all reach the floor. The feet must not be tucked under the chairs, or otherwise disposed of in any way except straight on the floor in front of the seated players. The blindfolded one is then called in, and tries to find out, by lightly stepping on the toes of each, who is the one thus trod upon. Some players can keep perfectly still while this is going on; but many have not the necessary self-control, and the slightest laugh, exclamation, or other noise often reveals the secret. The first one whose identity is thus learned must change places with the blindfolded one, and the game proceeds as before.

Perhaps the children will like to try a "slipper obstacle-race," which is like the race in the "parlor mountain-climb" except that each Junior wears a paper slipper which must be kept on throughout the race.

"Fairy bowling" is another good game. Cover the dining-room table temporarily with a cloth of bright-colored flannel or other woollen material; arrange across it, near one end, a pasteboard arch, or one of heavy wire wound with ribbon, fastening the ends of the arch to bricks on each side, covered like the table. Prepare a large bowl of suds, made of soap, warm water, and glycerine; and arrange the players, boys on one side of the table and girls on the other, giving to each boy a clay pipe and to each girl a small fan. The boy at the head of the line takes the bowl, blows a bubble, and drops it on the table. The girl opposite tries to fan it under the arch before it breaks. Tally is kept with pink and blue paper disks on little tally cards which may be attached to the fans. Pink means a successful bowling; blue, a failure. As each two players complete their trial, they go to the foot of the line, which moves up to let the next two try. The game may consist of five rounds, or four if there are many players. A ribbon-bedecked pipe and a pretty fan might be the rewards given to the winning bowlers.

Here is a new kind of "slipper-hunt," which is enjoyable. Tell the Juniors that there are forty pairs of slippers hidden about the rooms, and offer a reward to the one finding the greatest number that prove to be pairs. The slippers should be of different colors, and about three inches long. They are cut out of cardboard from patterns found in an illustrated catalogue.

The plan of a doll Cinderella seated in a pumpkin

coach lined with light blue, with four and twenty chocolate mice harnessed to it with ribbons and driven by a colored doll coachman, is not new, but is very pleasing, especially to the younger ones. Refreshments may be slipper-shaped sandwiches or cookies, lemonade, and the chocolate mice.

Star Social.

If you wish decorative features, the following are attractive, though not necessary to the success of the social.

Cut from gilt paper as many stars about an inch in diameter as there are Juniors. Then take a large star-shaped wire frame, one of those supplied by florists for Christmas decorations, fill it with evergreen or holly, if the social is to be held near Christmas time, and suspend it from the ceiling or chandelier by ribbons, extending from each point upward and meeting at the centre. From each point of this large star hang a group of the little stars, by strings or baby ribbon of different lengths, so that from each point the gilt stars will be hanging in a cluster, some higher, some lower. Number all the stars, those in each group having a number of their own. Thus the cluster of stars from one point will all be numbered 1, those from another point 2, and so on.

Some of the Juniors are probably taking piano lessons, and making good progress; or learning to play on other instruments; and of course a number can sing well. Ask several of the musical ones to come

prepared to play or sing. A few others should have recitations; and two or three who like to write can each write an original story not more than five hundred words long.

As the Juniors come in, give to each of them a pencil and a star-shaped white card with the words written from the centre towards each point, "Pictures," "Music," "Stories," "Speaking," and "Museum." Ask them to write their names on the reverse side of their cards; and then to read what is written on the star-points, and to make a check or cross very plainly in that point having the name of the thing they like best. The cards are then collected, and will be, by the way, no slight help to a new Junior superintendent in learning to understand the tastes of the children with whom she is to work, even after this particular good time is over.

While the cards, after being collected, are examined and sorted, some game may be played. The "flying star" is a good one. Each player is supplied with a small empty spool, with a colored paper star pasted over one end. Half the stars are red, the other half blue, to distinguish which side the player is on. Arrange twelve berry-boxes, quart size, on the floor in a hollow square. Mark four of them on the bottom with the figure 5; four of them 10, and leave four blank. Place a tin cup in the centre. Let the players stand a few feet away, and they may test their skill in throwing. Each spool, or "flying star," landing in the cup, counts 20; when landing in one of the

boxes, it counts whatever that box is marked. Each side keeps tally, and when all the stars have flown, the scores are compared to see which side has the larger.

Next, divide the Juniors into groups for the game "constellations," which is really several games in one. The division is made according to choice as already marked on the cards given out on arrival. Those who chose "Pictures" are put in Constellation No. 1, and to them belongs the cluster of little hanging gilt stars marked with that number. Those who chose "Music" are in Constellation No. 2, and so on. The gilt stars are taken down and given to the Juniors thus by number, pinned to the dress of each; and thereby every Junior becomes a "star," and must prepare to shine accordingly. As before stated, however, the star decorations are not absolutely necessary; the Juniors can shine even without being thus labelled.

The constellation of "star artists" sit together, and for half an hour engage in some drawing contest. Perhaps the game of "accidental high art" is as good as any. Spread a newspaper over a table; let each player be furnished with two pieces of paper and a pen; and on the table place a bottle of India ink and a fountain-pen-filler. With the filler let one drop of ink fall upon one of the pieces of paper belonging to each, and tell him to press upon it his other sheet of paper. This gives each player the foundation for two pictures, so that if his first attempt is not an entire success he can try again. The aim is to make of the grotesque and shapeless blot, by the help of the pen

and imagination, a picture of some object—animal, tree, landscape, or whatever turns out to be most feasible. As blots are never twice alike, there is every opportunity for the fancy and skill of the artist.

While Constellation No. 1 is thus engaged, No. 2 is in the next room preparing its musical programme with the help of those who have brought something to sing or play; Constellation No. 3 is selecting recitations; No. 4, if this is the authors' group, is deciding on the order of reading and perhaps the titles, or any other unfinished part, of its original stories; and No. 5 is arranging a museum of natural curiosities in the form of interesting hats, paper-cutters, and other small articles whose origin and method of manufacture and use they think they can at least partially describe.

At the end of the half-hour all the stars gather to listen to the entertainment provided by each constellation. The "star artists" exhibit their works of art; the star musicians play and sing; the star authors read their effusions; the star orators declaim or recite; and the star museum-directors give their exhibition. A vote of thanks, or some more substantial reward, may be given to the constellation furnishing the best entertainment.

Close the evening with refreshments consisting of cheese sandwiches cut star-shaped and filled, presumably, with green cheese from the moon; and glasses of creamy milk fresh from the Milky Way. What star or constellation could fail to be satisfied with such fare?

On leaving, each Junior might be given a star-shaped Christmas card as a memento.

This plan is capable, of course, like most of those given in this book, of endless variation. A "surprise constellation," or some other preferred, might take the place of any one of those suggested. The stories, recitations, and music might be given without any previous arrangement outside, if a thoroughly impromptu programme is desired; but in most cases a little inkling of what will be expected of them, in the case of those likely to be called upon, makes the result more interesting. Some of the musical numbers and recitations could be humorous, others more serious; but most of them will naturally pertain to Christmas or stars. The following, once contributed by the writer to *The New Voice*, might be given by one of the more thoughtful Juniors as a recitation :

Star-jewelled was the Night's dark brow,
As, with a light caress,
Smiling, she saw the wondering Earth
Her promised King confess,
While Hate and Greed shrank back before
God's Love-thought, born to bless
As the angel choir was singing.

O glorious Christmas yet to dawn,
When men shall understand,
The lowly manger of the heart
Become a temple grand,
Each cruel wrong and strife depart,
Quelled by an infant's hand,
While the Christmas bells are ringing !

Then, Fear-thought, flee ! and Hate-thought, die !
As gleams the Star's clear ray,
Join, World, the wise men's holy quest;
Put evil far away;
And give till all the earth is blest;
Let Love-thought rule to-day,
Every heart its incense bringing.

Holly and Mistletoe Drill.

By Imogen A. Storey.

An even number of small boys of uniform height must be used for this drill. Usually it will be found necessary for the Juniors to call in the aid of children outside the society, which will furnish a fine opportunity to win new members.

At the rear of the stage a small hut should be constructed of light framework, and covered with heavy brown paper. The roof and window-sills of this must be spread with cotton to represent snow.

On the floor of the stage a heavy white cloth should be stretched, and in the rear and at the sides boughs of evergreens covered with cotton should be arranged to represent the woods.

The floor of the stage must be laid off as shown by diagrams to prevent mistakes. Half of the children must be dressed in fairylike suits of white, carrying a half-hoop trimmed with mistletoe and white satin ribbons, the ribbons tied at each end of the hoop. The others must be costumed in like manner, only in red, having hoops trimmed in holly and red ribbons. All must wear green gauze wings.

When the drill begins, old Santa and his wife should be seen busy in their little house, fixing toys. If presents are to be distributed, they must be placed in the hut previous to the beginning of the exercise. The children enter skipping to music, following the lines shown in Diagram A, mistletoes on the right and hollies on the left, or the reverse.

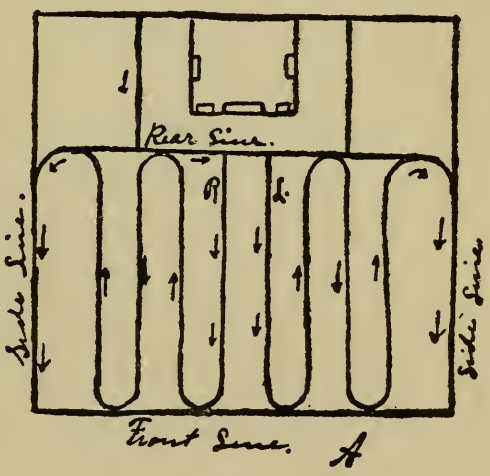


DIAGRAM A.

They skip, following lines as indicated by arrows in A, with arms in upward bend position and hoops arched overhead. When the leaders reach lines R and L, the skip step is changed to a march, and they join hoops with partners so as to make a complete hoop with bows at each side. This is a very easy movement, though it may seem the contrary. Those on the right extend the inside arm straight to the side, shoulder-high, holding the end of hoop with the arch down. Those on the left extend their arms in the same way with the arch up. Each child grasps the end of the partner's hoop with his own in the inside hand.

On the leader's reaching the front line the first position of the hoops is resumed by all with skip step. When the side lines are reached, they turn on the diagonal lines and begin a fancy step, dropping the

hoop down around the neck like a boa. On a change of music drop the hoop, and advance the inside foot diagonally to inside (towards partner), and place it on the floor, first count; hop on the advance foot, and swing the outside leg across in front, bending the knee so that the foot which is crossed over comes almost as high as the knee of the inside leg, second count; swing the same foot diagonally forward to the outside again, and place it on the floor, third count; hop on it, and swing the inside leg across in front of the outside, fourth count. This step is called "swing-cross step," which somewhat explains the movement. On the

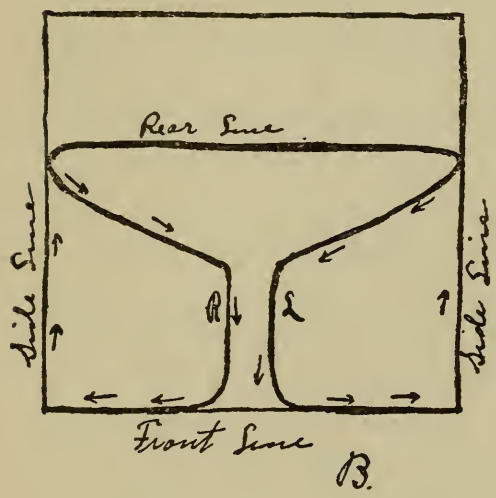


DIAGRAM B.

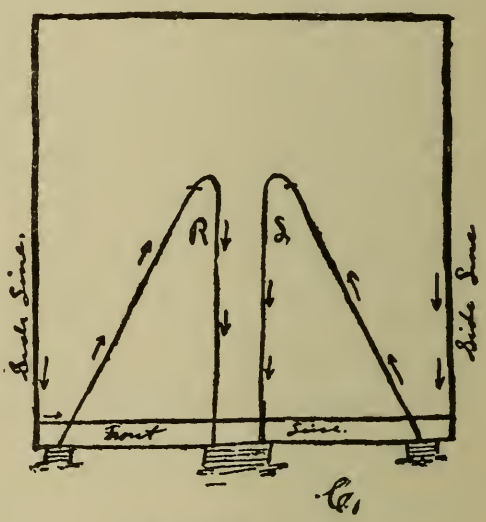


DIAGRAM C.

leaders' reaching the front line the skip step with first position of hoop is resumed by all. On reaching the side lines again, instead of coming down diagonal lines as before, they turn on the rear lines as shown in B, and come down the lines R and L in C, with the following fancy step :

Advance the inside foot, and touch the toe to the floor, and the inside arm straight to the side and the outside hand on the chest, the arch of the hoop up, first count; change the weight to the forward foot, the hoop arched overhead the same as in skipping, second count; repeat the same to the opposite side, third and fourth counts. Continue this until the front line is reached. Then resume the skip step, and follow lines as before in A.

When they reach the side lines, old Santa steps to the front door of his hut, and blows a whistle or horn, and the skip step is changed to a run on the toes. The players run down the side lines, and turn on the lines shown in C leading to the hut. When the leaders reach the cross marks on these lines, a signal from the piano or another blast from old Santa's horn is given for them to halt, which should be executed by them together. After they have halted, old Santa steps down from his door, and gives another blast, and all should turn facing inside; that is, towards lines R and L. Old Santa should walk up and down inspecting them.

Old Santa, in deep tones: "I have decided to engage you, Mistletoe and Holly Berry fairies, to do some work for me this beautiful Christmas night, for I am getting old and lame. Can I depend on you?"

Fairies all together: "Yes, sir."

Old Santa: "I want you to take each child in this audience a gift from me and my wife. Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir; indeed we will," should come in loud, emphatic tones from the little fairies. Santa should go back to the door of his little hut and receive the gifts from Mrs. Santa Claus, who hands them out to him. Santa must call out the names as he gives them to the fairies, as they file past on lines shown in C, turning on lines R and L, thence down the steps in the centre. After distributing the gifts they return for more by side steps as shown in C. In this way the presents, even for a large audience, can be easily disposed of.

Jack Frost Reception.

THE Juniors may wish to give a Christmas tree to the children of some orphan asylum, combining with this plan a merry time for themselves as well. If so, a "Jack Frost reception" would be a good way of doing it.

One of the smaller boys, who is also one of the liveliest in the society, should be chosen to personate Jack. He should be dressed in a close-fitting suit of white Canton flannel, the fleecy side out, with here and there little tufts of cotton batting sprinkled with diamond dust. Long white stockings, with tiny bells sewed on them, and a few sprigs of holly, complete the costume.

Red crape-paper shades should cover all the globes. The tree should be hung with glittering icicles of rock-candy, and trimmed with tufts of sparkling cotton snow. An imitation bird's nest for each guest is lined with crinkled white tissue-paper, filled with

white sugar almonds, and placed among the branches. Then the presents, which might be toys or books that the Juniors have outgrown, in small boxes wrapped around with cotton batting and tied with white thread, make lovely snowballs. Pull the cotton out between the threads till each box is a fluffy, ball-shaped mass; then dip them in diamond-dust; label each with the name of the one for whom it is intended, and hang them with gilt or silver cord to the tree. Snowballs of all sizes may be made thus, and those too large to hang on the tree may be piled around the trunk.

When all have arrived, there may be singing by the Juniors, after which the "snowballs" are distributed. Jack Frost capers gayly about, ringing his bells, and tossing the balls to the children, who in turn toss them lightly about from one to another till each one reaches its owner. The birds' nests of almonds and the candy icicles are left on the tree until later in the evening.

Refreshments are served at the north pole. On the centre of the dining-table place an uneven block of ice, and extending up from the ice have a long pasteboard mailing-tube covered with the imitation snow. A white toy bear standing on the top of the pole, holding in its mouth a sprig of dusted holly or evergreen, and several other bears grouped around its base, complete your north pole, and, to further the arctic effect, the chandelier may be trimmed with icicles and dusted sprays of green, and for an added touch of elegance, if desired, there may be Jack Frost

place-cards made in fancy shapes, spread with a thin coating of mucilage, sprinkled with diamond-dust and the names written in gold or silver lettering. Of course these are not necessary. A substantial but wholesome lunch should be served.

One or two simple games selected from the index in the back of the book may be introduced if wanted, but the presents and the little feast will take up most of the time. Finish unloading the tree; close the evening with the singing of more Christmas songs; and the guests will go away convinced that the Juniors are not only the happiest people in the world, but that they are glad to share their pleasures with those not so fortunate.

Mistress Mary's Contrary Reception.

ANOTHER name for this entertainment would be "A Midwinter Flower Fête." It is charming at any time of the year, however, as both the winter and the flowers can be made to consist wholly of costumes and decorations.

The guests are received by "Mistress Mary" of Mother Goose fame, with several "pretty maids all in a row." The members of this reception committee should be dressed as for a garden party, in white or light dresses, large hats, etc. They may be chosen from the Intermediates or older Juniors, or from the grown-up society; perhaps they might be the Junior superintendent and Junior committee.

Entering, the guests find themselves, to their sur-

prise, not in a garden, but in a world of ice and snow. Cotton sprinkled with diamond-dust is on all sides, with red berries and evergreen from the winter woods; tables are spread for a feast in an ice grotto where the palest of blue and green draperies are combined with mirrors and lights so arranged as to increase the illusion; and there is a constant tinkle of invisible sleigh-bells.

Just as every one begins to shiver, there comes a burst of gay music; and Mistress Mary's flower-garden appears in the midst of the wintry surroundings. It is a striking and pretty contrast. The smallest Juniors are chosen for this part of the entertainment. While the children are coming in, some one should sing the time-honored lines:

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row,"

or, as one version has it, "*flower*-maids all in a row."

The small Juniors are dressed as follows: The boys in closely fitting suits and caps of green, trimmed with strings of sleigh-bells and small shells; the girls in dresses and hats of tissue-paper or crape paper, each girl representing a flower. The blossoms most easily imitated can be selected by studying a florist's catalogue or a botany with colored plates. Some wild flowers are delightfully suited to the purpose; such as the buttercup, the daisy, the blue marsh clematis, the pale yellow adder's-tongue, the pink swamp mallow,

the wild rose, the bluebell, and the Carolina lily in its brilliant hues of crimson, orange, and brown. Then there are nasturtiums, asters, morning-glories, sweet peas, and chrysanthemums; in fact, the list will be found to be a long one. Ribbons and artificial flowers may be used as trimmings where they will heighten the effect.

Each child should carry a basket decorated with the appropriate flower or with "cockle-shells" or "silver bells," as the case may be, and filled with small articles for sale. A fancy drill is given on entering; and, if desired, some appropriate flower songs or recitations may be added. Then the contents of the various baskets should be offered for sale.

If any of the guests do not understand where the "contrary" part of the entertainment comes in, ask them if they ever knew a flower-garden so contrary to nature as to grow in such surroundings before their eyes. Of course, the Juniors are never contrary in any other way.

The Bells of Bonnydingle

In Two Acts

By Lilian M. Heath

Characters.

Dorothy Dot, *A dear little girl under a magic spell.*

Sir Dismal Dumps, } *Two enemies of children.*
The Bugaboo Man, }

Queen of the Cosey Corner, *The children's fairy friend.*

Fairy Bright-Thought, *Chief counsellor of the Queen.*

West Wind, *Friend to* Dorothy.

Dorothy Dot, *Grown larger, after the spell is broken.*

Old Woman with Basket.

Carol, }
Avis, }
Frank, } *Friends and playmates of* Dorothy's.
Roy, }

REALLYWISH,
JUSTNOW,
I CAN,
I WILL,
} *Brownies.*

Six, eight, or more SUNSHINE FAIRIES.

Costumes, etc.

DOROTHY DOT, *while small.* Girl of nine or ten, small for her age; dainty modern dress.

SIR DISMAL DUMPS. Boy of fourteen, or older; antique court costume of gray and dark green.

THE BUGABOO MAN. Boy of fourteen, same style of dress as Dismal Dumps, but colors red and dark blue. Wears a mask.

QUEEN OF THE COSEY CORNER. Girl of fourteen; trained white spangled dress, crown, and wand.

FAIRY BRIGHT-THOUGHT. Girl of ten; short white spangled fairy dress, with wings.

WEST WIND. Girl of fourteen who can sing well; flowing rose-colored robe, long gray mantle.

OLD WOMAN WITH BASKET. Girl of twelve or thirteen; brown or purple skirt to ankles, gingham waist, small red shoulder-shawl, sunbonnet.

DOROTHY DOT, *grown taller.* A well-grown, bright-looking girl of thirteen, closely resembling the small Dorothy. Dress apparently the same, only longer.

CAROL. Girl of eleven or twelve. Ordinary dress.
AVIS. Girl of eleven. " "
FRANK. Boy of twelve. " "
ROY. Boy of eleven. " "

REALLYWISH, JUSTNOW, I CAN, and I WILL. Boys of ten; Brownie costumes. ("I Will" should have the strongest voice.)

SUNSHINE FAIRIES. Girls of eight or nine; flowing hair, short fairy dress of bright orange-yellow, made still brighter by a liberal use of spangles. Wings.

COSEY CORNER. Prettily draped and cushioned couch in one corner of rear of stage.

SUNSHINE TREASURE-BOX. First act, a box about the size of a small but deep trunk, labelled on the front in plain lettering, "Sunshine."

SUNSHINE TREASURE-BOX. Second act, box of same shape, but very large; if possible, nearly four feet deep; with same label in same position on front, in letters of the same shape but larger. Have blocks of wood nailed inside for steps. The lid should be on hinges, and the whole back of the box, except at the very top, is sawed out, leaving it open. The curtain hangs at the rear of the stage, with a large opening immediately behind the box, so that Sunshine Fairies and others can easily pass into the box from behind the scenes. Foliage, rocks, and stumps for seats, and other playground accessories. Have a stump and a particularly soft rock against the outside of the box, to serve as steps.

CHANGE OF COSTUME. In the second act, near the close, Sir Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man should change quickly while in or back of the Sunshine-Box, from their former costumes to suits of spangled orange-yellow cambric, made in similar style.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A playground, with* CAROL, AVIS, ROY *seated on rocks and stumps, talking. Music as curtain rises. Music stops.*

AVIS. Did you say that she *never* could grow any larger?

FRANK (*entering*). What's that? *Who* never could grow any larger?

CAROL. Why, don't you know? It's Dorothy Dot. Dear little Dorothy! It's all because she was enchanted when she was only seven years old, by that dreadful enemy of all Sunshine people—Sir Dismal Dumps!

FRANK. O yes, I remember. He *is* a rascal—that Dismal Dumps. He put one of his magic spells on her—he and his Bugaboo Man together—so she never could grow any larger unless ——

ROY. Yes, she never could grow any larger, unless ——

AVIS. Unless what? Do tell me all about it.

CAROL. I thought you knew, Avis. Unless the key is found, the key to Dorothy's magic treasure-box. The Sunshine Fairies are shut up in the box, and until they are let out we children will all have lots of trouble because of that horrid Dismal Dumps and his Bugaboo Man.

FRANK (*walking about, his hands in his pockets, looking as if thinking very hard*). This *is* a puzzle that gets me! The box that holds the Sunshine

Fairies is locked, and Dismal Dumps stole the key, and keeps it hidden away. But say, wasn't there something about the *box* growing, too?

ROY. Why, yes. You see, it's a magic box, and was meant to grow larger all the time, just as Dorothy was meant to grow larger herself. But, when the key was stolen, it—the box, I mean—stopped growing, and *she* stopped growing, and now ——

ALL (*coming forward and singing; tune, "The Red, White, and Blue"*).

O sad is the plight of our playmate,
While under the dark, cruel spell;
No peace can she have, night or morning,
For foes watch her footsteps too well.
When found is the key to her treasure,
How gladly our chorus we'll sing!
When forth come the bright Sunshine Fairies,
The bells of Bonnydingle will ring.
O the bells, bonny bells, how they'll ring!
O the bells, bonny bells, how they'll ring!
When forth come the bright Sunshine Fairies,
The bells of Bonnydingle will ring.

(*Enter* DOROTHY, *running.*)

DOROTHY. O Carol, Avis,—all of you! I'm *so* afraid! When I started to come over here, I was sure I heard Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man talking, just around the corner, and I ran as fast as I could, to get away from them. I'm afraid they'll be here, yet. (*Looking around uneasily*). But (*brightening*)

I must tell you the good news. I've seen the Brownies!

(*All crowd around her.* FRANK *and* ROY *give a surprised whistle.*)

AVIS. *Have* you, Dorothy?

CAROL. And will they help us plan what to do?

DOROTHY. Yes, they said they would help. Here they come, now.

(*Enter Brownies, running, skipping, and capering in various ways, which lively antics they must keep up at intervals all through the play. Coming forward and facing the audience, they sing, each one in turn; tune, "Yankee Doodle."*)

REALLYWISH.

Kind friends, my name is Reallywish;
I serve the people gladly.
Whenever they are true to me
They cease to mourn so sadly;
For, don't you see? they go to work
To make their wish come true, sir!
And when they smile instead of shirk
There's little they can't do, sir.

JUSTNOW.

And my name, if you'd know it well,
Would save you much debating;
For it's Justnow, and when I'm called
I never keep folks waiting.
I hasten gladly on my way,
As fast as I can run, sir!
And when I work, and when I play,
'Tis very quickly done, sir.

I CAN.

They call me by the name I Can;
That name I'll never alter.
I'm bound to do what any man
Should try, nor will I falter.
Brave thinking helps to bring success;
I'm every one's good friend, sir!
Whate'er I try, I'll carry through,
And push it to the end, sir.

I WILL.

And I, the last, am called I Will,
And never should you doubt me.
Some call me stubborn, but I'd like
To see them do without me!
For ships I sail and houses build,
And every lesson learn, sir!
Make haste and call me to your aid,
If you would comfort earn, sir.

AVIS (*clapping her hands*). O what dear Brownies! And so you will help us to get rid of that hateful Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man we're so afraid of! What shall we do first?

(*Brownies, puzzled, look up at the ceiling, down at the floor, and in various corners, as if for an idea.*)

REALLYWISH. I really wish, my friends, O yes, I really wish I knew ——

JUSTNOW. Just now, exactly what is best for us to plan and do,

I Can. But, if each one of us will only think and say, "I can ——"

I Will (*emphatically*). We'll conquer Dismal Dumps and his Bugaboo Man!

Children and Brownies (*all together.*) We'll conquer Dismal Dumps and his Bugaboo Man!

Roy. Here they come, now! (*Children huddle close together and look frightened, yet resolute. A few strains of very doleful music, from behind scenes. Enter* Sir Dismal Dumps *and* Bugaboo Man, *right.*)

Dismal Dumps (*scowling fiercely*). Well, here's a pretty howdy-do! Don't these children know they shouldn't loiter around like this? They'll be too late to have any dinner when they get home! Besides, there's all their next week's lessons not learned.

Bugaboo Man. Well, the lessons are so hard they won't be able to learn them anyhow; so what difference does it make?

Dismal Dumps. Then they'll all grow up without knowing anything. In fact, no matter how hard they try, they'll never amount to anything.

(*Children whisper together during this conversation. Brownies gesticulate as if giving directions. All nod their heads in consent, and approach* Dismal Dumps.)

Children and Brownies (*singing; tune, "Maryland, My Maryland"*).

Listen to the children's plea,
Dismal Dumps, O Dismal Dumps!
If you'd go and leave us free,—
Dismal Dumps, O Dismal Dumps,—
We would be so very good,
Learn our lessons as we should,
We'd surprise you; yes, we would,
Dismal Dumps, O Dismal Dumps!

But before you leave the land,
Dismal Dumps, O Dismal Dumps,
If you'd kindly understand,
Dismal Dumps, O Dismal Dumps,
Please give back the treasure-key;
Set the Sunshine Fairies free!
We would, O so grateful be,
Dismal Dumps, O Dismal Dumps!

DISMAL DUMPS (*haughtily, folding his arms*). What impertinent nonsense is this? Actually asking for the key to the Sunshine-Box! I'd laugh at the very idea, if it weren't against my principles ever to laugh at all, or even smile. Bugaboo, what do you think of this ridiculous idea? They want us to give up the key!

BUGABOO MAN (*laughing loudly*). Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! As if we would give it up!

DISMAL DUMPS. There, you young rascals, you have your answer. But you *never* will have the key!

(DOROTHY *begins to cry, and goes slowly out, left,* AVIS *and* CAROL *with her, trying to console her.* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO *converse con-*

fidentially, right. BOYS *and Brownies consult, left*).

BROWNIES (*coming forward and then towards left, singing; tune, "Jingle Bells."*)

Come along, come along,
Children one and all!
Hasten to the Cosey Corner ere the shadows fall!
Dorothy, Dorothy,
Trouble yet will end.
In the Cosey Corner we shall find the children's friend!

(*Repeat, as they go out, left, followed by boys.* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO MAN *come forward at centre,* DISMAL DUMPS *looking more than usually glum.*)

BUGABOO MAN (*persuasively*). Cheer up, old fellow! You certainly got the best of it, as you generally do when you have *me* to help you!

DISMAL DUMPS (*shaking his head dolefully*). That's all very well, Bugaboo, but what we should do if those children should ever get ahead of us and manage to open that box, I'm sure I don't know. I can't bear the sound of bells, and those Sunshine Fairies would be too much for us both.

BUGABOO MAN. That's so; we never could live in the same country with them. Of course not! But there's no danger! Nobody can open the box but that insignificant little Dorothy Dot, and *she* can't without the key. Come on, now; let's find some

one else that we can make unhappy. I heard a woman saying she was afraid it was going to rain. Let's tell her it certainly will. There's a big black cloud coming up, now.

DISMAL DUMPS (*brightening a little*). And I heard a man complaining of hard times. Let's go and make them all the harder. We can do it.

BUGABOO MAN. Of course we can; we always do. Come on. (*Links his arm in that of* DISMAL DUMPS, *and hurries him along till in the latter's effort to keep up he stumbles over a rock and drops the key. Neither of them sees it.*) Be careful; you might break your bones sometime over these stones. Hurry, or we'll be too late. (*Exit both, right.*)

(*Enter* OLD WOMAN, *left, with basket. Sees key. Stops, and picks it up.*)

OLD WOMAN. Well, I never! What careless person has dropped a key, I wonder? I'll just put it in my basket for safe keeping while I look. (*Exit right.*)

(*Enter* AVIS, CAROL, DOROTHY, FRANK, ROY, *and Brownies, left, on their way to the Cosey Corner. The Brownies are carrying the Sunshine Treasure-Box. They place it at the rear of the stage, with the labelled side forward; then all approach the Cosey Corner, singing; tune, "John Brown."*)

Queen of the Cosey Corner, let us in, we plead,
We've come to ask your counsel, for we've dire distress, indeed!
We know you help the troubled, and we've come to tell our need,
O Fairy, hear our call.
'Tis the Brownies and the children,
'Tis the Brownies and the children,
Tis the Brownies and the children,
O Fairy, heed our call.

(*Curtains slowly part at the corner of the stage, right, displaying a "cosey corner" where the Queen is seated in state. She rises and comes forward.*)

QUEEN. You poor children! I know your trouble before you tell it. You wish to get rid of Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man; you want the key to this dear little girl's treasure-box, so you can let the Sunshine Fairies out. Is that it?

CHILDREN. Yes, and so Dorothy Dot can grow.

QUEEN. That is right. Be seated, all. Now, for a few moments keep perfectly still. (*Children seat themselves on stumps, etc.*) I cannot give you the key at once, but I will call my chief counsellor, Fairy Bright-Thought, and then I shall be able to advise you. Keep very quiet, now, or she cannot come. Brownies, see if you can keep still for two whole minutes. It will be good practice for you. (*The* QUEEN *resumes her seat. The Brownies give a final excited caper; then seat themselves on the treasure-box. All are silent. Soft music for three or four minutes;*

then FAIRY BRIGHT-THOUGHT *emerges from behind the draperies of Cosey Corner, and whispers in the ear of the* QUEEN. *The children start up, but seat themselves again. After a moment,* FAIRY BRIGHT-THOUGHT *disappears again behind the draperies. Music stops.*) Listen, children and Brownies! I have a secret for you. The spell is already partly broken, for—just think!—*Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man have lost the key!* Now Dorothy Dot can grow! (*The children begin dancing and the Brownies capering with delight.*) But wait! (*All stop.*) It is true, Dorothy Dot can grow, and so can her treasure-box; but until she has the key the Sunshine Fairies must still be prisoners, and you are not yet rid of Dismal Dumps and his Bugaboo Man. Now, this is what you must all do. Search for the key everywhere. As for Dorothy, she can go away for a while with the kind West Wind, to a beautiful home on the prairies, where she will not be troubled by Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man. Then she can grow all the faster, and meanwhile you can all be looking for the key. But, mind you, the key will be found at some moment when you are doing a kind act; and, when you want Dorothy, you must call her. Now away with you! Good-by! (*Retires into Cosey Corner, with curtains drawn together.*)

CHILDREN. Good-by! Thank you! Good-by!

(*Enter* WEST WIND, *who approaches* DOROTHY *slowly, singing; tune, "Wind of the Western Sea."*)

Breathe and grow, breathe and grow,
Child of the Sunshine Land!
Grow, grow, breathe and grow;
Life is for thee most grand!
Over the prairies wide and free,
List to the West Wind's call to thee,
Child of the Sunshine Land!
Come, my little one; come, my pretty one, come!

(*Wraps* DOROTHY *gently in her mantle, and leads her slowly away,* DOROTHY *waving her hand in farewell. The children and Brownies respond by waving caps and handkerchiefs. Exit* DOROTHY *and* WEST WIND. *Music, same tune, continued instrumentally, as curtain falls.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as before, but larger box in place of the one left at the rear of the stage.*

(*Enter* CAROL, AVIS, FRANK, ROY, *and Brownies. The children examine the box, being careful not to lift the lid; the Brownies come forward.*)

REALLYWISH. I *really wish* I knew why we haven't found the key.

JUSTNOW. Perhaps *just now* we'll find it, if we're good as good can be.

I CAN. We won't give up and say it can't be done; I know it *can.*

I WILL. And we'll conquer Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man!

ALL. Yes, we'll conquer Dismal Dumps and the Bugaboo Man!

(*Enter* OLD WOMAN *with basket. Stumbles and drops basket, scattering wares.*)

OLD WOMAN. Oh, dear, dear! I didn't see that stone!

AVIS (*running up to her*). Did you hurt yourself? You didn't *quite* fall, did you?

OLD WOMAN (*beginning to pick up wares*). No, but just look at my spools of thread, and buttons, and all my whole basketful of things—scattered all over the ground.

CAROL. Too bad! Never mind, we'll pick them up for you. (*To* ROY.) She looks tired. (*To* OLD WOMAN.) Suppose you sit down on this rock and rest, and we'll —— (OLD WOMAN *sits down.*)

ROY. Yes, we'll have them all picked up in a jiffy.

(*The Brownies,* ROY, *and* CAROL *pick up the various articles, while* FRANK *and* AVIS *put them into the basket and arrange them.*)

OLD WOMAN. Bless your kind little hearts! There, now they're all right again, and I must be going. I'm quite a bit rested, too. Thank you, thank you. (*Rises, and starts to go.*)

ROY (*hastening after her with the key*). Wait, wait! here's your key!

OLD WOMAN. Key, is it? But it's not mine. I picked it up not long ago at this very spot. No telling who dropped it; one can only guess.

CAROL (*eagerly*). Perhaps that's Dorothy's key! (*The children and Brownies crowd around to look.*)

OLD WOMAN (*indifferently*). Well, keep it and ask Dorothy, whoever she may be. I don't know anything about it. Only persons in sight when I picked it up were an old curmudgeon dressed in gray, —the crossest-looking fellow you ever set eyes on,— and a queer-looking man with him dressed in red, for all the world like a circus clown. I couldn't catch up with them, they were going so fast.

AVIS (*clapping her hands*). It is, *it is!*

ROY. Hurrah!

FRANK. Whoop! (*The Brownies express their delight in the most fantastic capers yet. The* OLD WOMAN *sets down the basket, looking interested.*)

CAROL. Hark! the Bells of Bonnydingle! (*Ringing of bells, while all listen.*)

(*Enter* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO MAN, *talking excitedly. Bells stop ringing.*)

DISMAL DUMPS (*to* BUGABOO MAN). It was all your fault!

BUGABOO MAN (*fiercely*). Don't you dare to say it was my fault! *I* didn't lose the key. You dropped it yourself!

DISMAL DUMPS. You made me drop it, anyhow. And now did you hear those bells? That means the

key is found, and we're done for if we can't get it again. (*Seeing the children.*) Quick, Bugaboo, *here's* the key. Make 'em give it up! (BUGABOO MAN *starts towards the children, who retreat slowly.*)

OLD WOMAN (*to* BUGABOO MAN, *stepping between him and the children*). It's *my* opinion you're a thief, sir! you and the gentleman in gray, there; and you won't get that key again, I can tell you!

BUGABOO MAN *and* DISMAL DUMPS (*together, advancing nearer*). Won't we?

OLD WOMAN (*taking off sunbonnet, and flapping it vigorously at* DISMAL DUMPS). Shoo! Shoo! (DISMAL DUMPS *retreats hastily.* BUGABOO MAN *advances towards the group.* OLD WOMAN *still more vigorously, flapping at* BUGABOO MAN.) *Scat!* (BUGABOO MAN *runs backward so fast he almost tumbles down.* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO MAN *consult, at a safe distance. The children come forward a little.*)

CAROL. O, I wish Dorothy would come!

ALL THE REST. So do I!

REALLYWISH. Why, we're forgetting what the Queen of the Cosey Corner told us. If we *really wish* Dorothy would come, why don't we bring her?

JUSTNOW. Why, of course. Let's call her back just now!

(*Bells begin ringing joyfully again.* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO MAN *turn first one way, then the other, confused, and place their hands over their ears as if they could not bear the*

sound. Bells continue ringing very softly, while the children and Brownies sing; tune, "Bring Back My Bonny.")

Our playmate is far o'er the prairies,
But never a heart was more true;
She'll come on the wings of the morning,
O Dorothy, welcome to you!
West Wind, West Wind,
Bring back our bonny, to-day, to-day,
West Wind, West Wind,
Bring back our bonny, to-day.

(*Bells still ring, as softly as possible. The children listen. Instrumental music behind scenes, very soft at first, but gradually growing louder,* —"*Home, Sweet Home.*" *Enter the taller* DOROTHY, *and* WEST WIND. *Children rush to meet* DOROTHY, *holding up the key. The music stops, but bells still ring, while* DOROTHY *takes the key, goes to the box, and unlocks it, followed gleefully by Brownies. Sunshine Fairies emerge from the box, assisted, if necessary, by* WEST WIND, *the* OLD WOMAN, *and* DOROTHY. *The fairies skip about delightedly; then, seeing* DISMAL DUMPS *and the* BUGABOO MAN, *start to chase them both.* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO MAN *run around in evident terror, trying to escape. At last both jump into the box. Brownies instantly slam down the lid, and sit on it. Bells ring out more loudly for a minute or two, then*

subside as music begins. Chorus of Brownies, children, and Sunshine Fairies, all but Brownies dancing around DOROTHY *and* WEST WIND; *tune, "Marching through Georgia."*)

Welcome home, our playmate dear, this happy festal day!
O, kind the West Wind's care of you while you were far away.
But now we have you with us, and we hope you've come to stay,
For Sunshine rules Bonnydingle!
Hurrah! hurrah! the merry bells do ring,
Hurrah! hurrah! our voices gladly sing;
Nevermore shall frowns and tears their sorrow to you bring
For Sunshine rules Bonnydingle!

(*Bells ring loudly again during the refrain, which is repeated. Throughout the song, Brownies wave caps, arms, and feet as enthusiastically as possible, without leaving their post on the Sunshine-Box.*)

(*Enter* QUEEN *from her Cosey Corner. Bells and music cease.*)

QUEEN (*kissing* DOROTHY). Welcome home, Dorothy dear! How you have grown! So our plan was a success. But suppose we listen to Fairy Bright-Thought again. She has still another message for us. (*All are quiet. Soft music for two or three minutes. Enter* FAIRY BRIGHT-THOUGHT, *who whispers in the ear of the* QUEEN, *as before. Music stops.*) My chief counsellor advises a strange thing. She says, "Open the box." Will you do it?

(*The Brownies get down from their perch, looking puzzled. The children slowly approach the box.*)

ROY. But won't the Bugaboo Man ——

AVIS. And won't Dismal Dumps ——

DOROTHY. Never fear. What harm can they do us now? Poor old Bugaboo Man and poor old Dismal Dumps! I'm sorry for them. It was when I was little that I was so afraid of them. Besides, as we all know, whatever advice comes from the Cosey Corner must be safe to follow. Come, I'm going to open the box!

(FRANK *and* CAROL *help her to raise the lid. Out come* DISMAL DUMPS *and the* BUGABOO MAN, *but completely transformed, in new and glittering costumes, and with smiling faces. Both come forward.*)

DISMAL DUMPS. I found, when I once got into the Sunshine Box, that I couldn't be dismal any longer!

BUGABOO MAN. And *I* found that it isn't half so much fun to frighten children as it is to amuse them!

BOTH. So we are both going to be sunshine people ourselves, like all good Juniors.

DOROTHY (*shaking hands with them*). I'm so glad! Now we'll all be happy ever after.

(*Bells begin ringing again. Music. March of all the characters, and final tableau.*)

CURTAIN.

VARIATION OF "THE BELLS OF BONNYDINGLE" FOR CHRISTMAS.

To adapt the play to Christmas, where there are gifts to be distributed, omit the final march, and, instead, add the following bit of dialogue after Dorothy speaks for the last time:

BUGABOO MAN. And to prove that we *really wish* to be Sunshine people ——

DISMAL DUMPS. We will look into that wonderful treasure-box again *just now*,—for it's Merry Christmas,—and see if we can't find something to make these good people all the happier.

BOTH. We *can*, and we *will*! (*Going to the box, they reach in and take out present after present, handed up to them by two persons concealed, one behind the box, and one in it. The presents are marked with the names of those for whom they are intended, and as fast as taken out by the transformed* DISMAL DUMPS *and* BUGABOO MAN, *who read the names aloud, they are handed to* DOROTHY *and the other children, who in turn pass them to the Brownies,* FAIRY BRIGHT-THOUGHT, *and the Sunshine Fairies, to distribute among the audience.*)

A Game for a Harvest Social.

THIS game was tried and proved great fun at a social given in the early autumn, though of course it can be played at any time:

The Juniors sit in a circle around the room. One of them begins by saying, "When my aunt came to see me, she brought me an apple." The next one says, "My aunt brought me an apple and a banana." The next one, "My aunt brought me an apple, a banana, and some cherries." And so on, each repeating the fruits already named and adding a new one beginning as nearly as possible with the next letter of the alphabet. Every time a player leaves out a fruit that has been named, or fails to add a new one, he drops out of the game, until only one is left, who is the winner.

With dates, figs, grapes, lemons or limes, melons, oranges, peaches, pears or plums, quinces, raspberries, strawberries, tamarinds or tangerines, this remarkable fruit-basket could easily stretch so as to hold from a dozen to twenty kinds of fruit before the list gives out.

A Christmas Snow-Shovelling.

A NOVEL way for the Juniors to give a toy donation to poor children at Christmas time is to have a snow-pile.

Let the gifts be brought in advance, wrapped in white paper. They can then be inspected as far as necessary by the older helpers, in order to label each gift with the name of the one for whom it seems most suitable. If unwrapped for this purpose, the rewrapping should always be in white paper. Just before the exercises, the bundles should be gathered into a great white heap like a snow-pile on the centre of the platform. After the little guests come, at the appropriate time in the exercises let two Junior boys with small snow-shovels dig away the bundles and pass them to other Juniors, who in turn distribute them to those whose names they bear.

In planning for an occasion of this kind, besides the usual explanation and announcement, a letter might to advantage be delivered to each Junior in the society, so as to include any who were absent at the time of announcement. The letter could read like this:

"Dear Junior: Can you spare a toy
To give to some poor girl or boy
Who has not much of childhood's joy?

"Wrap up your gift in paper white,
Bring it before next Tuesday night,
And you will help to give delight."

(*Signed by the Junior superintendent or committee.*)

A Trip Around the World.

THE idea for this Junior social, given by Mary Starck in the *Christian Endeavor World*, will bear repeating. Place small tables around the room in the same positions in regard to one another as the best-known countries of the world as shown on a map. On each table arrange one or more articles suggesting the country represented.

For Japan, a fan and two Japanese dolls were used; for France, trimmed hats and a doll in Paris costume; for Germany, music by German composers; for Mexico, a toy sombrero. Other suggestions would be, for Switzerland, a toy Swiss cottage; for Ireland, shamrocks and a bit of green ribbon; for Scotland, a doll dressed in Tam O'Shanter cap and kilts of Scotch plaid, or a bunch of heather; for China, a paper kite of some ingenious design, and a pair of chop-sticks. Other countries might be represented by story-books or pictures.

The children enjoy going from one table to another and trying to guess which country each represents. They are to write their guesses on cards, and to those who do best may be given some little reward. Serve refreshments at the table draped with the American flag, after the trip abroad is concluded.

Santa Claus in Trouble.

THIS was an enterprise led by an Intermediate society, but the Juniors and many of the grown-up Endeavorers were present and took active part in the fun.

It was a candy-pull, held several days before Christmas. Invitations were of red paper rolled tightly and wound diagonally with white, to represent sticks of candy. On opening these, one saw the message, neatly typewritten:

> Santa Claus finds he's 'way behind
> In pulling his candy sticks.
> Please come at seven next Monday night
> And help him out of his fix.

At the appointed time, a Junior dressed as Santa opened the door to the guests and ushered them to the scene of chief interest, — the church kitchen. In arranging partners for the pulling, Santa's sack was brought into use. Each one present put in his hand and drew out a bit of red or green paper cut in some amusing and appropriate shape. There were stockings, candles, stars, Yule logs, Christmas trees, and other designs, but no more than two of any one shape. The persons that held the same-shaped articles were to work together.

Not all the candy was of the "pulled" variety. Besides the molasses candy, maple-sugar balls of

the true Ohio kind, creamy and delicious; fudge and other chocolate candy; white-sugar varieties, including cream peppermints, cream almonds, lemon, and cocoanut, — all these were made, each pair of workers being assisted by a special "director" chosen for skill in the making of the particular kind attempted.

While the candy cooled, games were played, including "filling the Christmas stocking" and "Santa Claus's trip." The first was a drawing contest. Each player was supplied with pencil and paper and told to draw a picture of a Christmas stocking filled to overflowing with presents, the most desirable presents (in the opinion of the artist) being the ones sticking out at the top. The drawings were then collected and compared by judges, and a small prize was awarded for the best.

The livelier game which followed was played much like "stage-coach." All the players except one sat in a circle, and each was given the name of some article supposed to be in Santa's pack. The one left standing began telling a story describing Santa's trip with pack and reindeer and the many adventures on the way. Whenever an article was mentioned whose name had been given to any player, that player had to jump up instantly and turn around three times. At every mention of the name "Santa Claus" all changed seats, and in the scramble the one left standing had

to go on with the story from where the former one left off.

To each one present, on leaving, was given a small netting stocking filled with assorted samples of the candy made, which samples proved the best possible advertisement for the candy-sale held by the Juniors two evenings later, at which the results of the evening's work were sold in attractive bags and boxes, in time to add the finishing touch to many family celebrations of the holiday. By this method a good sum was realized for the society's treasury.

A Gypsy Fête.

THIS is distinctly a summer "good time," to be enjoyed out-of-doors. Light the lawn with Japanese lanterns, unless electric lights are available. Let the Juniors come dressed as gypsies, the girls in bright red or yellow with plenty of colored beads, and the boys without collars and with shirts turned in at the neck. Borrow some children's express-wagons, for the occasion, decorate them with bright-colored crape paper, and from these serve suitable refreshments, — ice-cream cones, pop-corn balls, peanuts, etc.

Children of Intermediate age once gave a social of this kind and earned a nice little sum for an ice and milk fund for city babies.

The "gypsy drill" by the Juniors, described in

detail in "Enjoyable Entertainments," would add decidedly to the evening's pleasure.

A "Wooden-Shoe" Christmas Social.

This gives the Juniors an imaginary trip to Holland and Belgium. It would be desirable to include a short stereopticon talk explaining many of the odd and interesting things to be seen in those countries, especially their pretty Christmas customs. True stories and pictures of Queen Wilhelmina, both when she was a little girl and up to the present day, will be of interest. If the slides cannot be had, another way is to decorate the hall with little windmills, peasant figures, and landscapes cut from the well-known Dutch crape paper and stiffened with cardboard. Interspersed with cotton sprinkled with diamond-dust, tinsel, and small silver bells, these will keep the children entertained until all have arrived. Stories may then be told, illustrated partly by the decorations mentioned, partly by pictures which may be passed around. Especially tell the legend of St. Nicholas, and explain how the children of Holland, Belgium, and some other lands have for many years set out their wooden shoes on the eve of his feast and found them in the morning filled with presents.

This leads the way to the distribution of simple gifts. The children sit on the floor in a circle and

follow the foreign custom of shouting to St. Nicholas to come and visit them. At their call, "Come, Santa Claus!" the regulation jolly Santa appears with his pack on his back, from which he takes a gift for each, bestowing it with a few words of friendly advice containing good sense as well as fun. Or, instead of this method, have a huge Dutch wooden shoe containing the presents, screened until the right time and revealed by drawing a curtain.

Games may include a general hunt for a little Dutch doll hidden somewhere in the room. One way to conduct this hunt would be for the piano to play a lively air, softly at first, then growing alternately loud and soft as the "hunters" approach or wander away from the object of their search. One or more may be allowed to hunt at a time, and to the finder may be awarded the doll. Following the games, a lunch of sandwiches made of brown bread and Dutch cheese may be served.

I recall that on one occasion a group of children of Intermediate age varied this programme and planned the evening very largely themselves, with a special object in view. Having learned of the suffering of the Belgian children at the time of the great war, and of the efforts to raise funds for their relief, they were eager to do something to help keep the little wooden shoes from being empty, or the owners of the shoes hungry, on Christmas Day. So they distributed among their friends little envelopes

bearing the design of a wooden shoe on the outside, and the words "Help fill the wooden shoe," with a slip of paper inside explaining more in detail. Then they held an entertainment and "wooden-shoe social" at which a bright programme was rendered and the contents of all the envelopes were collected and forwarded to the Belgian Relief Fund.

A Bell Social.

A JUNIOR society wishing to help raise money to pay for a new bell for the church belfry gave a "bell social" and playlet on New Year's eve. Tickets were sold in advance, and were little bell-shaped cards with the evening's attractions printed on them. The hall was gay with many colored bells cut by the Juniors out of tissue-paper and festooned in long lines around the sides of the room, the different colors alternating.

The first part of the evening was occupied by the Juniors' animated performance of "The Bells of Bonnydingle," given elsewhere in this book. After that, two games were played. One of them, "New Year's resolutions," played with paper and pencil by the older ones present, was a variation of the game of "consequences." Each wrote the words "Last New Year's Day I resolved to —" then folded the paper over and passed it to the next player. Each then wrote something that would

fill out the sentence. All sorts of "resolutions," sensible and absurd, were thus recorded. Then, after again folding and passing the paper on, each wrote what the result was, of course without having seen what went before. The papers were then collected, unfolded, and read, to the amusement of all.

The other game, "bell blind man," was keenly enjoyed by the smaller folk. A long, pointed paper cap with tiny metal bells sewed on it was placed on the head of one of the players, and pulled well down over his eyes. The bells, of course, jingled as he moved. The other players were each given seven steps to get out of the blind man's way. At the seventh step each had to stop just where he happened to be. He could wriggle and duck, but must not step, and no one spoke but the blind man for fear of being recognized by his voice. Whenever a player was caught, if the blind man succeeded in three trials in guessing who his captive was, the latter had to take his place.

The guests were called into the refreshment-room by the ringing of a dinner-bell, and on leaving each was decorated with a tiny bell which tinkled merrily all the way homeward and was kept as a souvenir.

A Pop-Corn Social.

WHEN the Juniors wish to give a Christmas tree to children less fortunate, they will enjoy preparing its decorations themselves at a social to be held in advance.

Several corn-poppers should be provided, plenty of pop-corn, some sugar or molasses, strong thread, and needles. If the social can be held where there is an open fireplace, so much the better. After the corn has been popped with as few mishaps as possible, under the supervision of an expert at this kind of cookery, the children may be divided into two sides and have a contest, as follows:

Each side has a color, and the players on each side are decorated with ribbon bows or sleeve-bands of its color. Each player then chooses a partner, or has a partner assigned to him, always from the same side as himself. A thread with a needle on *each end* is given to each pair of partners. All begin at a signal threading the pop-corn as quickly as possible. At the ringing of a bell all stop threading. Then the members of each side tie their strings of pop-corn together at the point where the corn ends. The side whose string is longest wins the contest.

Pop-corn balls may be made also to hang on the tree. Pretty baskets may be fashioned out of berry-boxes saved by the Juniors during the berry season and afterwards painted or stained green, supplied

with bright ribbon handles woven into the open spaces and tied or sewed securely. (The kind of berry-box having a narrow tin rim is the prettiest and strongest, but others will do.) Lined with white tissue-paper and filled with home-made candies, a little fruit, or some nuts, with a plentiful sprinkling of the pop-corn to fill up the chinks, and decked with sprays of holly, these little Christmas baskets are attractive for the tree, or to give in other ways. "Giant holly-berries" made of the smallest toys wrapped in cotton and then in red tissue-paper to look like huge red berries will contrast with the white pop-corn in its festooned chains, balls, and other forms, and are well calculated to please the small recipients. No other tree-decorations are needed, not even candles if the tree festival is to be held in the daytime; and the gifts themselves can be tied on the tree or heaped around it, according to size, when the proper time comes.

Index of Games

A Bell Social 184
A Christmas Snow-Shovelling 176
A Game for a Harvest Social 176
A Gypsy Fête 181
A Pop-corn Social 186
A Trip around the World 178
A "Wooden-Shoe" Christmas Social 182
Accidental High Art 143
Alphabetical Question Game 78
Apple and Horseshoe 54
Apple-Shooting 54
Bean-stalk Raid 116
Bird Guessing 102
Burying the Hatchet 73
Butterfly Pansy Hunt 106
Cherry-Tree Blind Man's Buff 73
Constellations 143
Croquet Bowling 117
Curlycue Drawing-Contest 65
Excuse-Hunt 64
Fairy Bowling 140
Flying Stars 142
Four-Leaf-Clover-Hunt 55
Freak Show 117
Grommet-Pitching 20
Juniors' Message to All 80
Letter Tag 79
Little Queen Fluff 125

Mountain-Climb 93
Mountain Quiz 94
Mr. Daruma 46
Mr. Woodenhead 40
My Lady's Slipper 139
Orange Croquet 39
Pink Violets 20
Polly Pitcher Bean-bag 66
Quiet Go-lol-uf 120
Rainbow Hunt 97
Red and White Roses 42
Red-Line Hunt 19
Red-Line Tag 19
Santa Claus in Trouble 179
Slipper Hunt 140
Slipper Obstacle-Race 139
Table Golf with Pins and Peas 121
Ukibara 46
Washington Quiz 74
Wishes and Compliments 55
Wishes and Results 56
Word-Building 78

JUNIOR CAROLS

The latest and best hymn-book for Juniors

EVERY one who has seen it says that it marks a new era in Junior singing. **Every piece is singable.** The old favorites — the ones that children always love to sing — are all found, and nearly one hundred new pieces that will win instant favor. Special attention has been given to the sections for Easter, Christmas, and other special occasions. A unique feature of the book is the set of twenty-four Memory Hymns, considered the choicest hymns in the English language.

"Junior Carols" contains 157 hymns, besides some special exercises, responsive readings, etc. It is daintily bound in blue cloth, and sells in quantities, by express at purchaser's expense, for 25 cents a copy. Sample copy, postpaid, 30 cents. "Words Only Edition," by express at purchaser's expense, 10 cents a copy.

United Society of Christian Endeavor,
Christian Endeavor House,
Mt. Vernon and Hancock Streets, Boston
405 Association Bldg., Chicago

JUNIOR BOOKS

The Junior Manual. A Handbook for Junior Workers. By Amos R. Wells. This is the only full and complete manual for Junior workers ever published. It contains many times more matter than any other help for Junior superintendents ever written. Hundreds of Junior superintendents, from all parts of the world, have contributed to it their brightest methods. 40 chapters; 300 pages; 900 separate articles. Price, cloth-bound, $1.25. Special edition, in board covers, 75 cents, postpaid.

Good Times with the Juniors. By Lilian M. Heath. Cloth, 50 cents. It is filled to overflowing with suggestions for socials, entertainments, receptions, drills, etc., besides giving several character sketches or plays for little folks. The different holidays, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving, Independence Day, Washington's Birthday, Valentine Day, etc., are all remembered. Each programme is complete in itself.

Junior Recitations. By Amos R. Wells. 6¾ x 4½ inches, 128 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. A book of children's Recitations, Dialogues, Exercises, etc., suitable for Anniversary, Missionary, Temperance meetings, and other special occasions. Each piece is introduced with directions for its rendering, — gestures, costumes, if any, decorations, accessories of all sorts.

Object-Lessons and Illustrated Talks. By Rev. George F. Kenngott. 76 pp. Heavy paper covers, 25 cents. Fifty-three different object-lessons and illustrated talks for the use of superintendents of Junior and Intermediate societies together with an Order of Service, a word about stories, etc.

The Bible in Lesson and Story. By Ruth Mowry Brown. 7¼ x 5 inches, 254 pp. Handsomely illustrated with twelve full-page engravings. Price, $1.25. Forty chapters upon as many Bible truths, each chapter written in a manner that will especially interest the children. In connection with each lesson is a delightful illustrative story, together with a "Memory Gem" and an "Occupation" giving the child something to do.

The King's Praises. A Collection of Junior Songs. By Charles S. Brown. In heavy manila paper covers. Price, sample copy, 12 cents, postpaid; in quantities, 10 cents each, $4.50 for fifty, or $8.00 for one hundred; express not prepaid.

This is the best small collection of hymns that has ever been compiled for Junior Christian Endeavor societies or for Primary Departments of Sabbath schools. The book contains the words and music of about fifty pieces, every one of which is a gem. Many of the songs have been written especially for this book, and are copyrighted property.

United Society of Christian Endeavor
BOSTON and CHICAGO

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 237 509 1